THE HECTORS:

OR THE

FALSE CHALLENGE.

A

COMEDY

Written in the Year, MDCLV.

The SCENE

LONDON.

LONDON,

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

I'Ll not enquire why this All-knowing Age
Hath crop'd the *Laurell*, that adorn'd the *Stage*,
That *Loooking-Glaſſe* of Morals, whoſe reflex
Shew'd moſt their errors, whom it moſt did vex.
But this I'le ſay, who e're the Author be
Of this ſame piece, if 't were my chance to ſee
Him; as I have this iſſue of his brain,
I'de beg the favour, that hee'd write again;
For till I read it from the ſelf ſame pen,
Such height of Senſe and Wit, I ne're agen
Shall hope to ſee; a ſtrain (when read) you'l ſay,
(As many things now are) in a *new* way.
Here's Comick mirth, yet mix't with ſerious lines,
As if the Author had dig'd up the mines
Of *Mercury* and *Plato*, and cull'd thence
Their chiefeſt treaſure, and would it diſpenſe
In plain, though lively phraſe. Here's no *Courts*, no *Kings*,
(I do ſuppoſe the Author thought ſuch things
Not now in uſe.) And what is yet more rare,
Here is no *dabling Poet*, no nor *bare*,
Poor Belgick Captain; But what's moſt a wonder,
You ſhall but once read here *Jove* and *Thunder*;
No *Academick* wit, the *Senſes* five,
Or *Liberall Sciences* not here contrive
Into a plot he doth, or wedding make
Upon *Parnaſſus*, or a ſtorie take
From *Lucian*. I ſhall puzzle you, you'l cry,
What a deuce then can this play e're be? Why
It is —— But ſtay, read it your ſelfe, and then
Judge rightly, and I'me ſure you'l quit my pen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KNOW-WELL — *A ſober, judicious Gentleman.*

WEL-BRED — *An accompliſhed Gentleman.*

LA-GULL — *A Gent. of a ſlender judgment, but of good means.*

HAD-LAND — *A Gent. of worth and courage, although of a decaied fortune.* } HECTORS.

CASTER, SLUR } *Rooking Gameſters.* } HECTORS.

QUORUM — *A Juſtice of Peace.*

CRISIS — *Father to Mrs.* Criſis.

GOOS-QUILL — *Clarke to the Juſtice.*

CONSTABLE

2. WITNESSES

PEOPLE

SERVANT

2. GENTLEMEN — *Gameſters.*

Mrs. CRISIS — *A diſcreet Gentlewoman.*

Mrs. LOVE-WIT — *A Wit.*

Mrs. BUD — *A young Laſs, newly come from School.*

Mrs. PATE — *A cunning ſubtile Gentlewoman.*

SUSAN — *Her maid.*

THE HECTORS: OR THE FALSE CHALLENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. *Pate* and Mrs. *Lovewit*.

Pate. HE is indeed a pretty Gentleman.

Lovewit. How well his dancing did become him!

Pate. He had a very handſome and unaffected way.

Love. His Diſcourſe too (me thinks) I did extremely fancy, it was not too much ſtarched with Formality, nor yet rudely looſe.

Pate. He was though in my mind ſomewhat too full of his Compliments.

Love. Yet they were ſtill ſo fitted to, and grounded on what was ſaid, that he cannot but have a ſudden and quick wit.

Pat. He carried indeed the whole Entertainment through with an exceeding grace.

Love. Some would have ſpent five times as much, yet forced our good natures in the end to have laughed at it. Prethee what is he?

Pat. Why do you not know, child of ignorance?

Love. You know I came to th' Town but yeſterday.

Pat. O it is true: And I pray you how do all our friends in *Surrey*? My Cozen *Norris*? and Mrs. *Nonefuch*.

Love. They all deſire to be remembred; but——

Pat. How did my Cozen like the Stuff I bought her for her Gown?

Love. Very well. But prethee———

Pat. I did the beſt I could to pleaſe her fancy.

Lov. But what was that we were a talking of? O, of the Gentleman; what is he?

Pat. Why he is one that lives here about the Town, of a fair Eſtate, his name is *Welbred*, he has now for ſome while been a ſervant of your Cozens.

Lov. Me thought he applyed himſelf much to her. Doſt think ſhe ere will love him?

Pat. Love him? How can ſhe otherwiſe chuſe? There is not a Laſs 'twixt *Lud-gate-hill* and *Weſtminſter* but is ready to run mad for him; at the firſt ſight he ſmites and kils, where e're he comes, there's none that can withſtand him.

Lov. But yet me thinks——— But prethee let us talk no more of him. *Enter* Mrs. *Criſis and* Mrs. *Bud.*

Pat. Stay, here is your Cozen: Prethee what Girle is that with her?

Lov. It is a friends Daughter of mine in the Country, that goeth to School here in *London*; ſhe came up with me.

Criſis. Affection! Where haſt thou been? I have been looking for thee all over the houſe.

Lov. I your Affection, and you keep things ſo cloſe from mee!

Criſ. What things, I pray?

Lov. You need not make ſo ſtrange, for I know all: there is a Lad, they ſay, that ſmites and kils where e're he comes, and you are ſhe in whom he intends to finiſh all his Conqueſts.

Criſ. Smite! and kil! Where e're he comes! Why, I hope, it is not the old bald fellow with the Sithe on his neck, old Monſieur Time? Smite, and kill! Strange, terrible words! What meaneſt thou?

Lov. I mean, he makes them talk or dream of him for a week, or ſo, or perhaps ſigh or whine a little.

Criſ. Hold there, as for talking or dreaming I am for you, but do you think I e're ſhall ſigh for him? I know whom you mean.

Lov. Why not?

Criſ. Not I, as I live.

Lov. Spoke ſhe but true! *Aſide.*

Criſ. And yet the man deſerveth well, as men now are. He is (I muſt confeſſe) a handſom ſprightful youth, well qualified in moſt things that become a Gentleman: and ſince it is my friends deſire that I ſhould marry, he is one (I think) I ſhould not be aſhamed in company to own for a Husband.

Lov. O my unhappy fortune! *Aſide.*

Criſ. The man I don't diſlike, 'tis poſſible I might ſtay for a worſe; and as poſſible, if I did ſtay, I might have a better, for I ſee nothing in him in which I could place my happineſs.

Lov. No? But how come we to talk of this Gentleman again?

Pat.

Pat. Believe me, thou loveſt him with a pretty indifferent love.

Lov. Her Love was certainly articled and agreed on by the old man her father. But let us find ſomewhat elſe to entertain the time withal. And now I think of it, what was that Gentlewoman who was there laſt night in the Sky coloured Satten Gown?

Pat. O ſhe is one of the great wits of the Town.

Love. I thought ſo, yet Mr. *Welbred* put her ſhrewdly to it.

Pat. Her mind runs on nothing but *Welbred*, I think.

Criſ. They ſay that thou too (Affection) goeſt for a kind of Country wit, what e're thou aileſt to be thus ſober here.

Love. Sitting up ſo late laſt night hath ſomewhat diſordered me, I confeſſe.

Criſ. But as thou hopeſt to be married under thirty, think not of it.

Lov. Why, I pray? for that is ſomewhat a terrible Conjuration.

Criſ. Why? A female wit is a ſtrange prodigious kind of thing, it frights off all that have no wit, and they that have will never come on, except it be for an Afternoon or ſo, to exerciſe their tongues. I have been out of conceit with it ever ſince I heard a Gentleman ſay, that he was going to a Lady that I know, a reputed wit, to prepare him for a Viſit to his Miſtris. Fye upon it, a thing fit for nothing, but to make one a common courting ſtock. I hate the very thought of it.

Love. Well then, if we muſt not think on them that have wit, let us think on them that have none: and firſt, how did you like the Gentleman that was there laſt night with the black curled hair:

Pat. With the black curled hair?

Criſ. O, I know whom ſhe means, it was a friend of that ſame Gentlewomans, ſhe was here with him this morning to invite me to ſuch another buſineſſe to night. But why, I pray, doſt thou take him to have no wit? Doth he pay all the Reckonings where e're he comes? Will he drink deep with a Lad that will keep a brace of Geldings and a Lacquey out of twenty pound a year? A dammee Captain, or an *Oxford* Major, and then game with them?

Love. No, I dare paſs my word for him.

Criſ. Why, theſe are the only modern fools.

Lov. Well, I cannot tell what you call a fool, (I muſt confeſſe) I am a little too young to be his Godmother, but yet me thinks, a dull and ſtupid thing (as I conceive him to be) ſhould have a name.

Pate. I am ſure if he had had any thing in him, there was a Lady gave him a fair opportunity to ſhew it.

Lov. Mr. *Welbred* would have paid her home.

Pat. I was a great while in doubt whether he could ſpeak or no.

Criſ. Well, I cannot tell,—for ought I know, he might ſerve with a good Jointure to boot; for my part, I ſaw him do nothing much abſurd. And had you been here to day, you would have thought his ſilence laſt night, to have been more out of choice then any thing elſe.

Bud. Really Cozen, there was a rare Gentleman in the ſlaſh'd doublet, and a button'd Cap, me thought he talk'd incomparably.

Love. Whom doth ſhe mean?

Pat. Mr. *Lagul* certainly.

Criſ. Alas poor ſoul!

Pat. Well, I muſt be going.

Criſ. Nay, prethee ſtay a little longer.

Pat. No, I have appointed to meet one,

Criſ. Who? Mr. *Hadland*, I'll warrant you.

Pat. 'Tis no matter for that.

Criſ. Well, I hope when you come to lye at this end of the Town again, we ſhall more enjoy your company. *Exit Pate.*

Love. O Mrs. *Pate.* *Exeunt Lovewit and Bud after Pate.*

Criſ. alone. My Cozen too is certainly in love with him, for I have obſerved her mind all this day ſtrangely muſing, although ſometimes it be diſguiſed with ſome forced flaſhes of mirth: what e're is talked of, her thoughts ſtill run on him, and then ſhe will recal her ſelf, not thinking that affected hiding ſhewes what elſe would ne're be mark'd.——'Tis ſtrange to ſee how generally this Gentleman doth take: For my part, as I ſee not any thing in him that I much miſſike, ſo truly naught that I admire: He has (I muſt confeſſe) ſome graceful and becoming parts and qualities, a handſome way in talk; yet when I mark it ſeriouſly, me thinks it is as curious Pictures, which (although they make a pleaſing ſhew, yet) for the moſt part are drawn on courſe and ordinary matter. I needs muſt ſay, he has this happineſſe, that if he excel in ought, it is in things of that familiar nature, that each place and company he comes in, afford him opportunity to ſhew it. And this certainly is the only thing that makes him make a greater blaze then ſome of far more worth, whoſe eminence lying in that which is more choice, cannot ſo frequently diſcover it ſelf, nor is their value proſtituted unto every eye; but they, as great Bels, who are not eaſily nor on all ſlight occaſions raiſed, yet being up, will far out ſound any of theſe tinckling ting-tang blades.—Would heaven alot me but ſuch a one to ſpend my time withal, it would be what I moſt deſire; but yet I think I ſhall ſcarce run that odious fortune of a ſtale Maid in expectation of ſuch a bleſſing. *Enter Maid.*

Maid. Mr. *Welbred* is come (forſooth) and deſires to ſpeak to you.

Criſ. Carry him into the Dining Room, and tell him I will wait upon him preſently. *Exit Maid.*

Stay, He will now ſet hard upon me, what ſhall I do? Yeeld? No, me thinks my fancy at this time doth not prompt me to it; I wil once more put him off, if handſomely I can. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Lovewit.

Love. He will not out of my mind, but doth over-rule my thoughts: and force them to desires vaine and impossible: I impossible, for h must needs fix on her; she is a Lady so without exception, of so fair a Fortune and such exquisite parts improved unto the height. He certainly then is hers; me thinks the very thought of that should be enough to master these desires; for usually Objects, though ne're so pleasing, if not probable, scarce stir the mind; for since we all are rational, it were absurd our wills should act in vain. But on the contrary, when things with ease may be attained, we never give over until we are arrived at the utmost of our wishes. Thus nothing is more ordinary then for my Lady to love her Gentleman, or Mrs. *Anne* her fathers man. But if a Country Clowne coming up hither, and seeking for his Lawyer in Grayes-Inne, should step into the Walks, and there should chance to spye some Master-piece of Nature, some fam'd Beauty, that for a time hath born the name, he would stand amazed, perhaps wish that his *Jone* were such, but farther would not be stirred, impossibility would stop more bold desires, and quench those sparks that else would turne to fires. But I without the remedy of hope, even in despair, begin a love that promiseth nought but grief and endlesse teares. But here he comes with my Cozen, I will stand and hear what they say. *Enter Welbred and Crisp.*

Wel. Come sweet Lady be no longer cruel, 'tis fit for vulgar common beauties to inhance the price of their Enjoyment by a long denyal; such Art were vain in you, and desperate in me, since I already am wound up unto the highest, and higher cannot go but break.

Cris. Must I answer to all this presently? that me thinks would bee the greatest inequality in the world; in all reason certainly I should have as much time as you had to study it.

Wel. Study it? He that is inspired doth not so little deliberate; I speak my very thoughts, on you my mind doth naturally run, nor can it vary, for Nature that hath in you raised Beauty to its highest pitch, outdone her own Idea's, hath thereby made you Commandresse of my soul, and all its passions and affects to wait on none but you; therefore seeing you have the power, O do no longer tyrranize.

Cris. Why, what now would you have me say?

Wel. What would I have you say? Can that be a question? Could your breath create me owner of the world, could I have diversity of worlds? Alas my thoughts are long since fixed on you, and my desires forgot all other Objects but your self.

Cris.

Criſ. My ſelf? then that is it you would have.

Well. O God,——Would have? I, above——

Lov. I am loſt, undone, undone: *Within.*

Criſ. Nay, pray now let me go, for you have me not yet, I muſt firſt chide you a little for this kind of language. What things do you think us women to be? Or rather, what would you have us our ſelves to fancy? For could I, me thinks, but look into the breſt of ſome fond ſilly Girle, and ſee what thoughts ſhe entertaines, by that time ſuch a blade as you hath told her ſome ſuch ſtories, that ſhe gives Beauty being, and other faces to be accounted of as they partake of hers; that ſhe can ſmite, wound, kill, as if the fate of all mankind did hang upon her will, and twenty ſuch things more, which if the poor thing have but wit enough to underſtand, ſhe is (without mercy) ruin'd, loſt, undone.

Well. Why I pray, Lady? for this is ſomewhat ſtrange.

Criſ. I'll warrant you I have a reaſon for what I ſay; for firſt, ſhe thinks her ſelf ſomewhat (though what ſhe cannot tell) that hath a juſt quarrel to Fate, that ſhe can have nought but ſo poor a thing as man her mate; ſhe fancies not this mean, ſhe fancies not anothers Diſcourſe, ſhe hates this mans breeding, ſhe hates anothers face, and for that coloured hair ſhe refuſeth a thouſand pounds a year. Thus ſhe continues for ſome years, until at the laſt, about ſome twenty nine, ſhe doth begin to underſtand herſelf. But now the tide of Sutors and her beauty being eb'd, ſhe ſtands a Fare for the next that comes; and in all haſte ſhe makes ſome deſperate match, proves ſome old mans Nurſe; perchance not ſo well, but *Will* her fathers man, her Taylor, or ſome Reformado Captain muſt ſerve her turne; or elſe (if ſhe have any ſpirit) in a melancholy pet, ſhe vowes a Virgin life, and for his ſake that firſt deceived her, turnes man-hater. Come, come, in faith Sir you are to blame, were I now ſome kind of Laſſe, forty to one but that I were meerely cozened of a good Huſband.

Wel. Did one ever ſee ſuch a plaguy Wench as this?——*Aſide.* Not at all, Madam, are we to be blamed for what we are forced unto, ſuch high flowne ſpeeches are no more then what all will challenge, Epithites not of the fair, but woman, meer Titles due by cuſtome and long uſe, nor can they be denyed without breach of Civility: Although I muſt confeſſe ſometimes, I give them with as much regret as when I call ſome baſe poor ſpirited thing Right Honourable.

Criſ. Truly, Sir, in my mind, a very ingenuous confeſſion.

Wel. She were as fond that would believe them, as if ſhe ſhould give credit to her Mercer; meer words of courſe, a tone the tongue muſt run in for faſhions ſake.

Criſ. Say you ſo? I have then ſo little hope to make you ſee your fault, that I will ſpend no more time about it. Your ſervant Sir, I muſt be going a little way. *She offers to go out, he pulls her back.*

Wel.

Wel. Nay deare Lady, I had as good part from my better Angel.

Cris. What? these are your words of course? Pray let me go.

Wel. Nay, but in earnest Lady, you are the only party of all the world, in whose enjoyment I could think all happinesse confin'd.

Cris. She were as fond that would belive.——

Wel. Slid, what shall I do now?—— Believe, do you say Lady? O could you but look into my thoughts: the tortured wretch speaks not a truth more credible; the lateſt breath of dying men is not so sincere as what I say.— Believe me? it would question your Discretion (Madam) to do otherwise; it cannot but be so in nature; it is as impossible for you not to cause these passions in me, as for fire not to burn a matter combustible.

Cris. Language due by custom and long use.——

Wel. 'Sfoot, what shall I do? she will outwit me this way, I must try another.—— *Aside.*

Well Mrs. *Crisis*, come, the truth of it is, I love thee; thou art handsom enough in conscience; & hast a little too much wit for a wife; but I don't doubt but I should rule it wel enough: wherefore prethee keep no more fooling, but let the Parson be doing.

Cris. Well Sir, I will be as plain as you, it is possible you may love me, although the language you have chosen to expresse your love in, hath not (in my mind) a little prejudiced it. For my part, I do hate none living, nor will I forswear to marry you; but I must needs say, I am not yet quite resolved on it, in things of such consequence I cannot too much consider. Pray let this for this time suffice.

Wel. Well then, if it must, I will leave you to consider until anon. You will go to *Hide Park*, as you promised?

Cris. I shall be ready to wait upon you.

Wel. In the mean time, let this make you think of me.

Gives her a Ring.

Cris. Nay, Mr. *Welbred.*

Wel. 'Tis but a trifle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lovewit.

Love. As when a close besieged Town, opening a secret Sally Port to receive some scouting Spies, in rushes the pursuing enemy, and they with their Intelligence receive their ruine: So I, through my too inquisitive ear have let in that which cuts me to the heart. O *Welbred!* did I but know thee to be made miserable? Or should I have been more wretched in not knowing thee? It is impossible she should withstand a fresh assault; this Journey to *Hide Park* will end the business, and begin my wo.—— But shall I like some neglected wretch, left on an unknown shore, only look and stare after my happinesse, that with full gale is flying from me? Can there be nothing done, but to prevent this present threatning mischief? O what? What shall I do?

Stay,

Stay,——that would go nigh to do it, if not, it will however be a handſom way to diſcover my affection, which cuſtom hath made (in me) immodeſty to do.—it wil be an odd kind of thing though; It is no matter, even nature bids us ſhun a preſent danger, though we future hazards run. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lagul and Mrs Bud, *Mrs.* Criſis *ſtanding at the other door, beckens to* Lovewit, *to the end that ſhe ſhould come and hear what they ſay.*

Lag. What (Madam) is it a Maſſacre reſolv'd, is killing one by one grown tedious ſport? *Aglaura Scen.3. Act.1.*

Criſ. Did ever poor Sir *John* think thus to be abuſed?

Bud. Really Sir, it pleaſeth you to ſpeak far beyond my deſerts.

Lag. O God, Madam, your Deſerts are far tranſcending whatſoever I can ſay, Divinity inhabits in your face, and your cheeks contain the Elixar of all perfection.

Bud. I am confident Sir, it pleaſeth you to ſay ſo.

Lag. Madam, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf incomparably felicitous, if you would vouchſafe to honour me this Afternoon with your company to *Hide Park*, and grace my Coach with your tranſcendent beauty.

Bud. Really my company will be no honour, but rather diſgrace you.

Lag. I preſume not ſo (Madam)— for your Beauty doth anihilatize all others.

Criſ. Heark, Anihilatize, me thinks it is a pretty word.

Love. It is a great deal of pity it ſhould ſignifie nothing.

Lag. For by this fair hand, Madam.——

Love. He is almoſt ſpent, I know by his beginning to toy with her,— I will go and relieve him. *She goeth to him with Criſis.* Monſieur *Lagul*, your ſervant; What? making new Conqueſts? Have you no pity on our Sex? If you go on thus, we ſhall look on you as on ſome common threatning miſchief that will deſtroy us all.

Lag. It is my eternal felicity Madam,——But I preſume.——

Love. You do indeed, to forget your old friends; What was the matter, I pray, we did not ſee you in the Country according to your promiſe?

Lag. Really, Madam, I did ruminate in my thoughts to kiſs your hands, but fortune was not ſo propitious to me as, to favour me with that felicity.—

Criſ. It favoured her I am ſure. *Aſide.*

Love.

Lov. Why what was the matter?

Lag. I must confess (Madam) there hath an accident or two fallen out of late, that hath taken me up, and made me extremely uncivil in this nature unto all my friends; I shall certainly be weary of these Duels in the end, if it be but for this cause.

Cris. So, now he is in. *Aside.*

Lov. Then I see
men sometimes feel your wounds as well as we.
But I pray beware left in the end we may all rue some unlucky thrust.

Lag. These Duels (Madam) I must confesse, are businesses of danger enough; but that is a thing which he that values his honour and reputation, must not entertain a thought of.— But yet at the first, I must needs say, they seemed somewhat strange; but now me thinks they are nothing, I look upon them as a meer Exercise; I cannot scarce eat a Dinner with a good appetite until I have fought one: They clearly save me forty shillings a Month unto my Fencing Master.

Lov. Were I but now disposed to be merry. *Aside.*

Cris. But I pray let me perswade you out of them.

Lag. 'Tis impossible (Madam); for he that stands upon his punctillio's, must needs run into them every day. I have fought two this week already, to morrow I am to fight a third, and I look for a Challenge to another every minute.

Lov. Why, for Gods sake Sir?

Lag. I was yesterday (Madam) in the Afternoon at the Divel Tavern, there hapned to be some words exchanged between a Gentleman and my self;— as I remember, he called me, Empty prating Coxcomb: Upon that (Madam) by the rule of Honour I could do no lesse then give him the Lye; I expected then that he would have singled me out, and have wispered somewhat in my ear, but the ignorant fellow nothing but flung a quart pot at my head, and kicked me down the stairs.

Cris. Why, was not that enough?

Lag. No (Madam) the affront doth yet lye clearly on his side, it was so resolved afterwards at the Golden-fleece.

Cris. Me thinks that is somewhat strange.

La. Not at all, Madam, for the Lye is the highest affront that can be given, and so is the French mode, for once *François de Valois*, the French King, upon an affront that *Charles* the Emperor put upon him, sent him a Challenge, in which he gave him the Lye; the Emperor refusing to answer him, the French ever since in Complement to their King have esteemed it the highest affront that can possibly be put upon a man.

Lov. But how came you off in the other Duels
you said you have fought?

Lag. Very well, Madam: for the first it was a businesse of nothing;

for at the very firſt pas I diſarmed my Adverſary, and I not ſeeking after bloud, but the Vindication of my Honour, was content to receive reaſonable ſatisfaction, the acknowledgment that he had done me wrong, and ſo forth. *Some body knocks.*

Criſ. Who is that at the door?

Lag. But the other was like to have proved tranſcendently more periculous: for (Madam) I ſtood upon my Guard thus.—— *Drawes.*

Criſ. Bleſſe us!

Lag. This (Madam) is Prince *Ruperts* Guard,— He came ferociouſly upon me with a Paſſado or two, which I putting off, run at him juſt thus, as my Lord *Shandos* killed *Compton.*—— *Criſis ſqueeks*

Enter Knowwel.

Know. Villain! Draw upon a woman! *He takes away his ſword.*

Lov. Hold Sir, he is but in jeſt.

Know. In jeſt!

Lag. He knowes it is againſt the Mode to make a quarrel among Ladies.

Know. The Mode, you Coxcomb!—— *Beats him, La-gul runs out, Know-wel followes, and preſently returnes again, Bud goeth out after Lagul.*

Know. Well let him go, for he is an Aſſe I'm ſure, and ſo he ever will be, therefore it were a folly for to trouble my ſelf any more with him.

Lov. He can fight I ſee, although he cannot talk. *Aſide.*

Criſ. Now, Sir, I am not altogether of your mind; though the Gentleman (I muſt confeſs) doth appear abſurd enough, my Cozen and I though, are not altogether out of hopes in time to make him a little more underſtand himſelf, ſomewhat I think we have done already.

Know. It is impoſſible, Lady, except you ſhould alter the Fabrick of his mind, unbend its appetite, or give it new deſires; for as long as the divine ſoul creating breath, is clad with different diſpoſing matter, and caſt in ſeveral moulds, there will be Wiſe and Fooles.

Criſ. Sir, if he were a natural Fool, I ſhould yeeld much to your opinion, but in my mind his chiefeſt unhappineſs is, only to have ſet his mind on ſome odd fancies, which if we could perſwade him out of, he would be (at the leaſt) not ridiculous.

Know. Lady, 'tis likely you may know him a great deal better then I, for, I muſt confeſſe, although he be one that I ſee almoſt every day in the ſtreets, yet of all men living I have the leaſt acquaintance with him: wherefore (Madam) if you pleaſe to make my knowledge to be ſo far indebted to you, as to let me a little more fully underſtand him, I ſhall take it as no mean favour.

Criſ. That Sir would be a very tedious task.

Lov. A tedious task! Why, what have you to do, I wonder?

Know. That queſtion I think may not be unneceſſarily put to a

Lady

Lady that is dreſt, and hath dined, as I ſuppoſe you have.

Criſ. Well Cozen, if you will help me, I will venture on it then. And to begin, Sir this Gentleman (as I have ſaid) although he doth appear ridiculous enough, yet in my opinion not ſo much by nature as unlucky chance: for as when ſome common metals will ſerve for good ſubſtantial uſe, yet if you ſtrive to force them to more curious ſhapes, they only ſuch rude draughts will take as will render them more deformed: So this Gentleman(had his courſer ſoul but had the luck to have acted in ſome downright way,to have managed ſome plodding Trade) he might by long experience have underſtood himſelfe within his Sphere; nay, have had wit enough to have got a good Eſtate, and through the repute of that, have been look'd upon by the world as wiſe; but this by his fathers induſtry being left to his hand, the common courſe of the world,unhappily doth fling him upon things fit only for more refined minds; which although he cannot maſter, yet ſome odde grudges and imperfect ſtamps have transformed him from what he was, nor can he be what he would.

Lov. So (Sir) that ſome laugh at him, ſome wonder, as one would at ſome monſtrous thing; ſome, indigeſted vain attempt of Nature.

Criſ And firſt Sir, his Fortunes enabling him to keep variety of company; he hears indeed all ſorts of wit enough, but that being a thing too ſubtile for his ſoul, naught ſtayes with him, but ſome few words and phraſes, which he rudely plucking from that natural chaine that linck'd them with appropriating circumſtances,ſhew very ſtrangely.

Know. Not much unlike (Lady) the relicks of thoſe ſpecies, which (although in a methodick way, and by the diſcurſive hints of thought are repreſented to the mind, yet) in a dream appear with caſual conſequence, the fancie making abſurd contradictions, whilſt at one act it doth rethink things treaſured up in different time and place.

Criſ. Right Sir; for with ſome conceited ſpeech, he is your Servant; what e're you anſwer, on he goeth to what is next in his memory.

Lov. Me thinks he ſometimes puts me in mind of the Diſcourſe between *Clarangeus* and *Alcidon*, what e're *Alcidon* anſwered, *Clarangeus* went ſtill on with the ſtory of his woodden window.

Criſ. But Sir, it is with Complements as with all things elſe, except they beget one another, they are quickly at an end.

*Lov.*His tongue indeed like the Germane Clockwork at *Bartholmew* Fair,is wound up but for a ſeaſon.

Criſ. You would take him for Fryer *Bacons* head, made only to ſpeak ſome certain ſentences.

Lov. It may be ſo: for I muſt confeſſe, for the moſt part,he doth uſe ſtrange,high,and conjuring words; nor do I think his face wants braſs.

Cri. Conjuring! You ſhall have him Court his Miſtris, as if ſhe were a Lady in ſome inchanted Caſtle, to be won with certain ſtrange Ceremonies and myſtical ſpeeches.

Lov. When he is quite ſpent, he is wont to cry, *O Lord.*—— tel you, *You are melancholy*;—— but that we have almoſt laughed him out of; for now with ſome fond proteſtation, he will ſay ſomewhat, which in effect ſhall be only a denyal of what you ſay.

Cri. A little better then the *Canterbury* Fidler, that would ſtill cry, You lye Sir.

Lov. Then he will talk ſomewhat of Newes, or of the Weather, tell you it hath not rained of late; ſome common places of the cryed up Wits and Beauties of the Towne, with certain formula's of cenſure on them all, may a little prolong his Diſcourſe.

Cri. Or if a Horſe-Race chance to be, it ſerves in no ſmall ſtead, (believe me) it will keep him in good talk for at the leaſt a week.

Lov. You know, Cozen, what a ſtir he uſes to keep ſometimes with *Trigunnel* and his Mare.

Cri. But that which is his greateſt labour, and which moſt perplexeth him to attain, as the only thing which in his judgment renders him right Gallant and moſt complete, is the punctilio Diſcourſe, the Laws of Duel and the Sword.

Lov. He thinks that if he could go handſomly through with a quarrel without receiving a baffle, according to theſe Laws, he hath done more, and hath got more honour and repute then e're *Montroſs*, the *Sweden* King or *Scanderbag*.

Know. Doth Fury know a Rule? Anger a Law?
Strange Tyranny is this, that thus doth paſſions aw!
Great ſpirits know your wrongs, can you whoſe actions might determine what is Valour, whoſe looks might daunt a faſhion, and outſtare the Mode, whoſe names might make your deeds, though interferring cuſtome, regular? Can you (I ſay) be governed by the paltry by-lawes of a Taverne? Shall Honour, that Spring of worthy minds, that juſt Reward of Courage, Pains or Art, be meaſured by the dictates of a Crue able to degenerate the word, make it a term for Cowards, or a talk to buſie fooles; a thing, a well tempered mind e're long will ſcarce dare own. As I have known a man whoſe ſpotleſſe life would ſeem to queſtion *Adams* fall, yet would he ſtartle at the name of *Godly*, *Saint* or *Holy*. But Lady, I doubt I have too much interrupted you.

Lov. Not a whit, Sir.

Cri. There is not a quarrel about the Town, but he labours to get the exact Hiſtory of it; he will tell you its riſe and growth, who gave the firſt affront, and where it laſt did lye; together with the judicious obſervations of the Sword-men on it.

Lov. Then he hath ſtrange Romances too of his own Adventures; there

there is no Scout, Gazet or Weekly Intelligence will furnish you with more improbabilities. Captain *Jones* was but a meer Asse to him.

Cris. I, for yesterday me thought, he told a story that went beyond his wounding the man in the Air.

Know. What was that, I pray Lady?

Cris. Why Sir, he said, as he was coming from *Hide Park*, there was five Bailiffes beset his Coach, which he routed; but with what do you think?

Know. With his sword; what else?

Cris. No Sir, it was but a Ladies busk, that he said he had in his hand.

Lov. A pretty Instrument, and much in fashion with him of late.

Cris. He gives one (*Hadland*, I think they call him) fifty pounds a year to keep him company.

Lov. That is, sometimes to countenance him, and keep him from a Baffle.

Know. Hadland! Certainly I have heard of that same Gentleman.

Cris. 'Tis possible, Sir, for he is one of no lesse fame then worth, although his decayed fortunes sometimes force him on unhandsome shifts.

Lov. Is not that he you said to day Mrs. *P.* hath been so much in love with?

Cris. The very same; he is one of the chief of our modern Hectors.

Lov. Hectors?

Cris. This 'tis to be so long in the Country; Do you not know what I mean?

Lov. Not I.

Cris. Why I mean a certain Order, more famous then that of *Malta*, the Garter, Saint *Esprit*, or the Golden-fleece, a race of Adventurers, who, out of what strange humor I cannot tell, have usurped the name of that famous Trojane Prince.

Kn. A Prince! a Pander, a fellow was kill'd in the quarrel of a whore.

Cr. And afterwards, Sir (as I have heard) dragged at a Carts tail.

Lov. Believe me, a very proper patron.

Cris. But whether is your Cozen gone?

Know. The little Gentlewoman, Lady, went out presently after Mr. *La-gul.*

Lov. Poor silly Girle! She cannot though but put me in mind of my own folly, for (I must confesse) when I was of her years, I did not a little admire this same Gentleman; but a little time did teach me more wit.

Cris. Yet still you did retain him though——

Lov. Why such a one for some businesses, I will assure you, will not do amisse.

Cris. I must confesse, for a walk or such a matter he may be as requisite as the Satin-peticoat.

Lov.

Lov. And, believe me, I think a handſome young Gentleman, his hair neatly curled and powdered, ſitting beſide one in the boot of a Coach with his hat in one hand, may become the Coach as well, and be as neceſſary an appurtenance, as the rich Scarlet Livery, or the plumed Lacqueyes; and for treatments and ſuch kind of things, you do not know the pleaſure ſuch a one may do.

Criſ. But Cozen, you are well enough ſerved, for I have heard that he will talk a little myſtically ſometimes; what, do you think men are fools, ſpend their money for nothing?——

Know. Well, Ladies, my knowledg is not a little engaged to you as to this Gentleman.

Criſ. Truly Sir not much, no more then it would have been to a day or twoes acquaintance with him.

Know. But (Lady) I had almoſt forgot, how ſtand your reſolutions for to night?

Criſ. If you pleaſe Sir, I ſhall be ready at eight a clock.

Know. Lady, 'Tis a thing that company much improves.——Wherefore if you pleaſe.——

Criſ. I, I, ſhe ſhall come.

Lov. Sir, 'Tis well you uſed that Argument, for I muſt confeſſe, all that I can do in company is but to adde to the number.

Know. What muſt I ſay then? I have e'en pull'd an old houſe on my head. *Aſide.*
Your further acquaintance (Madam) may furniſh me with better Arguments; but, me thinks though, to help to increaſe a number is none of the worſt things a fair Lady is good for.
Well (Ladies) ſeeing you do intend to meet, I muſt go and take ſome order about things.—— But ſtay, what ſhall I do with this ſame ſword?

Lov. Sir, if you pleaſe to leave it with me, I will ſee it reſtored.

Know. I ſhall rely upon you (Lady) to do it. *Gives it her. Exit.*

Criſ. How now Cuz? What thinkeſt thou? What, is he a fool?

Lov. I muſt needs ſay, I was a little deceived in him.
But ſtay, this Mr. *Lagul* is as fit a man as I could poſſibly have thought of, and my having his ſword, will give me a good opportunity to crave this courteſie of him. I will go therefore and find him out as ſoon as I can. *Aſide.* *Exit.*

Criſ. alone. Happy you nobler ſubſtances that purely do impart what ever images your minds do form, and can transfer your thought reſembling ſpecies, without the abuſe of this adulterating matter; matter that our ſouls doth dreſſe in ſuch diſguiſing garbs; Don't Education, Cuſtom and long uſe diſfigure us enough? A few diſtant leagues making us to ſtare at one another as at ſome monſtrous things: Will not the ſtate *fucus*, and the holy Varniſh ſerve, with all Arts antick Wardrobe, but that each ſoul muſt wear a natural maſk, and ſuch improving gloſſes and allaying daſhes, take from the nice ſitting of this

clayie

clayie Suit. Some whose flashy airy souls (if by judgment grasp'd) like air come to nothing, yet meeting with strange happy accidents, with a slye fallacy deceive even sober minds; each action drawes attention, and each word regard; Their talk, though vain and empty, some odd, I know not whats, doth so become and grace, that the deceived fancy (as when one looks through some false mediums or abusing Opticks) cannot but conceit strange shapes of Wit, which else would not appear. But this same Gentleman, (had not his better Fortune enforced my notice with a little acquaintance) I had o're passed him as one of the common things of the world, but now, me thinks, I do begin to see a glimmering worth, though muffled with disadvantages. *Exit.*

The end of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lagul and Lovewit.

Lag. I Run him through the arme.

Lov. Who, I pray Sir?

Lag. The Gentleman I was talking of that I fought with.

Lov. Cry Mercy, I had almost forgot— You were indeed a little interrupted in your story.

Lag. I, did you ever see so rude absurd a fellow, to make such a businesse before Ladies? But that you protected him, Madam.——

Lov. We have told him of his fault, Sir.

Lag. Had not I been more knowing in my punctilio's, we might have been the Town talk for this month.

Lov. He doth begin to see his Error.

Lag. He shall else: Is his name *Knowel*, say you? And doth he lodg in Chancery-lane?

Lov. I think I heard him say so.

Lag. Stay, to morrow I must meet at *Maribone Park*.

Lov. What do you mean? the Gentleman hath sent you your Sword, and by me doth crave your pardon, which I did oblige my self to get.

Lag. This is as base as before he was uncivil; what doth he take me for a foot-boy, or a Porter, that I should put up an affront so? No (Madam) my Honour and Reputation is engaged; I am a Gentleman, and must have the satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Lov. Nay, I pray Mr. *Lagul*.

Lag. O God (Madam) Honour is the life and soul of a Gentleman,

it

it gives him being, it is the very heart and vital heat that makes him act and move, and can no more endure a wound.—— But(Madam) I muſt take my leave of you, for I have engaged to meet at the Horne Taverne at three a clock,and now I think it is ſomewhat paſt.

Lov. Are you going thither? You may then do me a ſmall courteſie.

Lag. Madam, I do eſteem my ſelf incomparably felicitous that my ſtars are ſo benigne as to make me capable of doing you any ſervice.

Lov. Sir, I had beſt to let you reſt in that opinion until I have an opportunity to requite you.

Lag. Madam, I am your moſt eternal Bond-ſlave to do whatſoever you ſhall pleaſe to imperate.

Lov. I am (Sir) ſo much the more engaged.

Lag. Upon my Reputation (Madam)I do not conceive ſo.——

Lov. So now he hath done. *Aſide.*

Lag. But (Madam) what is that you would have me do?

Lov. You ſay (Sir) you are going to the Horn Tavern,— there is a Gentleman there,one Mr. *Welbred.*

Lag. He that invited us laſt night?

Lov. The very ſame

Lag. He hath not affronted her, I hope, ſhe would not have me fight with him. *Aſide.*

Lov. Only (Sir)there was a Letter I brought out of the Country for him, I quite forgot to give it him the laſt night; but if you pleaſe to do me the favour to deliver it.——

Lag. I am glad it is no more.— *Aſide.*
'Tis my ambition (Madam) to be ſubſervient to you.— But where is my Sword?

Lov. If you pleaſe to walk in (Sir) you ſhall have it. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Slur and Caſter.

Caſt. Come this is the fairer Room,it looketh towards the ſtreet.

Slur. I, ſo it doth, we might have been here all this while.

Caſt. Well,if this buſineſſe ſucceed,now——

Slur. Succeed! Will death ſucceed to life,the day to night?It cannot but ſucceed: 'Slid, old *Oughthred* never did demonſtrate a conſequence ſo certain,as I could this.

Criſ. But if he ſhould prove an angry boy though, be mortal and wound unto the death.——

Slur. Come fear nothing, I'l warrant he is as arrant a Coward, as ever wore broad ſilver Belt.

Caſt.

Cast. Pray God he be.

Slur. There is another Youth too of the same breed above, I dare swear, I do not think but much good might be done upon him.

Cast. But prethee let us make an end with one first.

Slur. But I wonder what *Hadland* ailes, to make us stay thus long.

Cast. He said he would be here almost an hour ago.

Slur. —— take his milksop pocky face, for me.

Cast. That pocky face shall pay for it, if thou wilt.

Slur. Shall us jeere the Rogue, and make him mad, as we use to do?

Cast. I have this night studied some new matter for his purled taffeta countenance.

Slur. But take heed you do not provoke him unto fury.

Cast. I'll warrant you: do you think I do not know the man?— But stay, I think he comes yonder.

Slur. I, there he is, but I do not see the Gentleman that he said he would bring with him: *Enter Hadland.* Come, you are a trusty Card in faith *Dick*, did not you promise upon your word you would be here an hour ago?

Had. Promise upon my word, quoth the man! What dost thou take me for a Scrivener, that I should mind such things as words and promises?

Cast. A Scrivener! No, *Dick*, I do not think thou art a Scrivener: but yet I must tell you, thy face doth look not much unlike the blank side of a Bond.

Slur. Not quite so smooth, in my opinion.

Cast. Come you shall contrive no more of these stratagems, if you can look no better upon them.

Had. The truth of it is, I did a little disorder my selfe the last night.

Cast. Disorder thy self! Why? what didst thou go to bed without being drunk?

Slur. At nine a clock without a Wench?

Cast. No that he did not, if the Madam in *Lincolnes-Inne-fields* say true. What saist thou *Dick*?

Had. Why, I hope you are not my Ghostly Father.

Cast. No *Dick*, I think thou lookest a little more Ghostly of the two.

Slur. An absolute Ghost, I vow: had he but a Surplice and a Torch, he needs no Chalk.

Cast. Chalk!—— he looks like any.——

Had. Come out with all thy paltry old Similies, and then we shall have done. What is it, Ashes, tallow Candle, Greene Cheese?

Cast. Well, Green Cheese let it be then, if thou wilt: but

if thy face be a Green Cheese, the Cheese-cloth was somewhat course.

Slur. Why prethee?

Cast. Because the coat is so rugged.

Slur. Why *Dick*?— But what if it be a Candle?

Cast. What if it be a Candle! Was there ever such a question heard of? Why dost thou not kick him *Hadland*? he asks, What if thy face be a tallow candle?

Slur. He will give me leave to put the case I hope, I do but suppose.

Cast. Well then, suppose it were a candle: stay—— why then I say, it would be a Christmasse one.

Slur. I, for it is all wrought crinckum, cranckum.

Had. Come, the face is a face, and may be a face.

Cast. It may be (I grant) when it is finished.

Slur. Finished!

Cast. I, for yet it is but rough cast.

Had. Come, 'tis no matter what the face is, or how it looks, I am sure if it had not been for him that ows the face, you might have both looked like Asses ere this.

Cast. As we did the other night, when the Sussex Gentleman beat us.——

Had. Was not I the man, who when we were quite blowne up by those same City Rogues: And we had been in three dayes consultation whether we should turne brethren of the High-way, down right beggars, or hang our selves: Was not I the man (I say) that found out this same Youth, this precious Squire, of whom within this week we have won some nine score pounds, besides the expectation of this businesse?

Slur. Well, for my part (I say) the man speaks reason, and ought not to be so abused.

Cast. Yes, one touch more.

Slur. Come, out with it then, man.

Cast. I say, if we had turned brethren of the High-way, as he said, he for his part might have robbed without a Handcherchief.

Slur. Why, prethee now?

Cast. ——One would take his face for a piece of Holland.

Slur. It must be purled then.

Had. Come, are you not ashamed to abuse your brother *Hector* thus?

Cast. You a *Hector*?

Had. What am I else?

Cast. That wan pale sprightlesse thing drew *Priams* curtain in the mid of night, and told him half his *Troy* was burnt.

Slur. O Lord, why *Dick*, what saist thou?

Had.

Had. Why this *Dick* sayes,—— And first for you, you Rascal, Do you remember what you were when first I knew thee? a lean, starv'd, thin-gut, thred-bare Rogue, that had never a rag to cloath thy body, nay, scarce a body to thy soul: Do you remember where I found you? Clapt up in the Fleet for forty shillings, that thou owedst in Ram-Alley for chippings of bread and porrage, when thou, Camelion like, hadst for some dayes lived by nothing but aire, and wert just resolving into thy first principles? Did not I pay this dribling debt for thee, set thee free, and since have made thee the man thou art? I must confesse, I saw a good hopeful cozening countenance in thee, that did promise much.

Cast. Come, a truce, a truce.

Had. No you Rogues, since you have provoked me, you shall repent it. And as for you my friend, with you I have been somewhat longer acquainted, I think I knew thee in the late Wars, thou went'st by the name of Captaine, a thing could do nothing but drink and damne thy self, and run away, so monstrous a Coward, that thy prodigious fears were able to work upon the genius of an Army; And this you shall confesse, or else I will beat it out of you.

Cast. Well, hold, I do confesse here before my friend then, that I am a Coward, and thou art a terrible child of war; so thou wilt let me alone, thou shalt be no more *Dick Hadland*, but a furious *Hector* or *Achilles*, any thing what thou wilt: thy pock holes shall be no more pock holes, but skars of dreadful *Mars*.

Slur. Why *Dick?*

Cast. Characters of honour in which may be read full mighty acts of Chivalry.

Slur. Characters saist thou? 'tis some strange Oriental tongue; Stay, let's see, I think they are the Egyptian Hieroglyphicks.

Cast. No 'tis Greek, for I think they are all Omegaes, *Hadland.*

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, There is a Gentleman below would speak with you.

Had. With me? I'l warrant 'tis Mr. *La-gul.* Prethee desire him to come up.

Draw. I will Sir. *Exit Drawer.*

Cast. I must now vanish then. *Exit Caster.*

Had. Stay, I will go meet him. *Exit, and enters presently again talking with La-gul.*

Had. Will you meet him, say you?

La. What should I do else?

Slur. Will he fight?

Had. So he saith.

Slur: So now you have made a fine business. *Aside.*

Had. Come I'l warrant you, *Aside.* Come Mr. *La-gul* sit down, here is a health to all our friends in the other world, you will remem-

ber me to them all. *Drinks to him.*

La. What do you mean?

Had. You will meet him, you say.

La. I shall be posted else: And I shall lose my honour and reputation.

Had. I, 'tis true, but——

La. But what?

Had. 'Slid, you had as good meet Jove armed with Thunder, the sheers of *Atropos*: the dart of death it self is not half so fatal as his Rapier.

La. Say you so?

Had. The Sword of Justice strikes not so certain; no fore-man of a Jury could breathe more sure destruction.

Slur. If it be so, in my mind the Gentleman hath a great cause of comfort; for to know the certainty of his death, is that which many a good Christian prayes for all his life long.

Had. 'Tis wel you put him in mind, for certainly it is time for him to begin to forsake the flesh, the world and the Divel.——

Slur. Some Ghostly Father indeed were fitter company for him then we.

Had. No, no, Mr. *La-gul*, I say, drink on, it may be your last.—— We wil meet somewhere to morrow before you go, and sing a Psalm, and it will be well enough, I'll warrant you.

La. Nay, but Mr. *Hadland*.——

Had. Come Mr. *La-gul*, to deal plainly and seriously with you, you have chanc'd upon a man that hath not his fellow, I am confident in the Kingdom; he is absolutely one of the greatest Duellists about the Town.

Slur. Prethee who is it, Mr. *Hadland*?——

Had. One *Caster*, as I take it, his name is.

Slur. *Caster*! I have heard indeed very much of the man, he came lately out of *France*.

Had. I, the very same, he killed a great Monsieur there in a Duel the last Summer, and was pardoned by the King for the gallant service he did against the Spainiard at the siege of *Arras*.

Slur. I believe he is fain to leave *France* now upon some such account, I have heard somewhat.——

Had. Nay to my knowledg he hath killed some of our own fellow Subjects, but that he hath had the luck to carry things closely.

Slur. The truth of it is, the Gentleman is a gallant spirited Gentleman; but he hath one humour in his fighting that I do not so well like of.

Had. What is that I pray, Sir?

Slur. When once he is in the field he will make the utmost use of all advantages, he never spares any man.

Had.

Had. I have heard that very thing disputed with him divers times, but he saith it is the only Mode beyond sea; cryes, *Un enemy le moindre.*

Slur. But me thinks (Sir) that it doth not savour so much of magnanimity; true Valour should never think upon enemies in the way of fear.

La. What should I do then, Gentlemen, in this case?

Had. Nay, for my part, I cannot tell.

Slur. Truly Sir, your condition in my opinion is somewhat desperate.

Had. This 'tis, when you will venture upon quarrels when I am not with you.

La. Venture! I could not possibly avoid it, I did but deny to lend him forty pounds, and straight he called me base uncivil fellow; and told me I did not like a man of honour.

Had. I think so; could you expect any other consequence? 'Slid, could any man have been guilty of such an uncivility?

La. What, to deny a man *I* never saw before?

Had. It was no matter, he looked like a Gentleman.

La. Upon that (you know) *I* could do no lesse then give him the Lye, and so the businesse began. For my part, *I* thought I might safely have done so, for I am sure I saw a Gentleman beat him not above an hour before.

Had. Beat him!— 'Slid, *Slur*, what shall I say? What a Rogue is this he did not tell us of it? —— *Aside*—— In some cases, you know, one is not bound to strike again by the rule of Honour; as if I have given the Lye, or so.——

La. No, there was no such matter here, for the Gentleman was at play with him, when on the sudden he told him he was a Cheat, and gave him a blow on the pate with a Candlestick.

Had. And did he do nothing, say you?— Pox what shall I say? *Aside*

La. No, nothing.

Slur. You cannot tell what new Mode of quarrelling he may have brought over with him from *France*?

Had. Strike him! if there be not some such matter in it, he had as good have strooke fire into a Magazine.

La. Well then, I am resolved.

Had. What to do?

La. I will not fight.

Had. How! Not fight!

La. No.

Slur. Nay, now we have over done the businesse. *Aside*

Had. Prethee have but a little patience, *Aside.* What do you say? Will you not fight! Speak it againe, for I can scarce believe my ears.

La.

La. I ſay, I will not fight.

Had. What is all the paines that I have taken with you loſt? Will you with one act forfeit all your Honour?

La. Honour! hang it, I am almoſt weary of it.

Slur. Do not you value your reputation?

La. I cannot tell what to do, it doth every day ſo endanger my life.

Had. Your life? Can there be a life without it? To live to be the ſcorn of men, is worſe then a hundred deaths. Can he be ſaid to live, that is not fit company for a Foot-boy, that will be howted and laugh. ed at, and poſted for a Coward?

La. I care not, let them poſt me; it is but going into the Country for a while, or giving out that I am gone to travel, as you know one did not long ago in ſuch a caſe.

Had. No, that will not do, for you would as ſoon avoid your own ſhadow as him, no troubled conſcience could more cloſely purſue you, divine Juſtice would not ſo ſoon find out the wicked as he would you: 'Slid, 'twas but the laſt Summer he followed from *France*, quite through *Germany*, into *Italy*, one that he had never ſeen, neither had the leaſt affront paſt betwixt them, meerly out of a generous humour, becauſe he heard he was a man of Armes.

La. What ſhall I do then?

Had. Come, Mr. *La-gul*, the truth of it is, your Quarrel was not an hour old before I heard of it; and I being extremely ſenſible of your danger, began to think how I might poſſibly procure your ſafety, at the laſt came into my mind a Gentleman, one that is an intimate friend of this ſame *Caſters*, whom I have ſome acquaintance with. And to be ſhort, I did a little feel him, to ſee whether he would be a means of taking up this matter, but——

La. What?

Had. Why, to be ſhort, he I believe hath heard that you are a man of Eſtate, and he it ſeems hath had an ill hand of late, and is a little out of money, and ſo he thinks to take an advantage of this opportunity to requeſt a courteſie of you.

La. What, would he borrow any money?

Had. He talked as if he wanted 200.——

La. 200 l. I cannot Sir by no means, you know how much I have loſt of late.

Had. That is all one, he knows your credit is good; and if you ſhould deny him this ſmall favour, he is ſomewhat a humourſome fellow, and I cannot tell whether ever I ſhould perſwade him to ſerve you in this ſame buſineſſe; and yet I know he is the only man that can do it.

La. *I* could ſpare now ſome twenty pounds, what if *I* offered to give him ſo much outright? would not he rather have it, do you think?

Had. By no means. 'Slid, What? offer to give a Gentleman money?

ny? for ought I know he might take it for an affront, and then there would be another buſineſs.

La. An affront ſay you! nay, I will take heed how I run into any more of theſe affronts; —— But if there be no remedy, I ſhall referre my ſelf unto you in this ſame matter.

Had. I will do my utmoſt endeavour to ſee what can be done then. —— But what quarrel was that you were a telling me you fell into this afternoone?

La. Why there was a rude, uncivil fellow abuſed me; but becauſe it was in the company of ſome Ladies, I let him alone; but I believe I muſt challenge him. ——

Had. Why, what was the matter, for Gods ſake?

La. Why this ſame Gentleman (I know not for what cauſe) on the ſudden fell upon me, and took away my ſword.

Had. I hope not ſo: Would you let him take away your ſword?

La. How could I avoid it, except I had made a quarrel before the Ladies, and that you know I muſt not do.

Had. O excuſe me Sir: In your own defence you might.

La. Might I in mine own defence, ſay you? —— That I had but known ſo much! —— Well, but what is to be done as the caſe now ſtands?

Had. As the caſe now ſtands, you cannot challenge him, for a man in Honour is ſuppoſed to have but one ſword.

La. That is pritty, I vow. —— That I could but think on theſe things my ſelf! —— But he hath reſtored me to my ſword again.

Had. Nay, then you muſt, for he hath reſtored you to your former condition. —— But ſtay, upon what terms did he give it you? What ſaid he?

La. He ſaid nothing to me, for he ſent it by a Lady.

Had. A Lady! I cannot tell how that ſame circumſtance may alter the matter. —— Stay Mr. *Slurre*, here is a pretty caſe, a Gentleman is diſ-armed, and then the party that diſ-armed him, ſends him his ſword again by a Lady; what do you think of it?

Sl. What ſay you Sir? A Gentleman is diſ-armed, and then his ſword is ſent him again by a Lady?

Had. I, that is (as I take it) the caſe.

La. I, that is the caſe.

Sl. Why then the firſt thing that will be conſiderable is, whether the Law of Honour takes notice of a Lady; for you know Sir all Lawes look on ſome perſons, as in *Jure nullas.*

Had. But in my opinion, thereafter as ſhe may be qualified, the Law of Honour may take notice of her.

La. As how I pray, Sir?

Had. Was there ever blood drawn in her quarrel?

Sl. then there may ariſe a queſtion, whether that blood were drawn in the field, or no?

Had.

Had. You ſay true. —— This I ſee will be ſomewhat a difficult caſe; wherefore (I think) we had beſt to ſtay till night, when we may have the opinion of all our brethren.

La. Well, I ſee there is ſomewhat in theſe Lawes, if I could but underſtand them.

Had. Somewhat doe you ſay? they are beyond what *Solon* or *Lycurgus* ever made.

Sl. If you be not knowing in theſe, although you were more valiant then *Hercules*, you might be reſolved a Coward.

Had. Were *John* of *Gaunt* now living, one of our ſubtil Duell Caſuiſts would baffle him with a querk.

Sl. Turn the affront upon him cleerly, in deſpight of his ſword and buckler.

La. Well, I muſt leave you, for I have a little buſineſs with a Gentleman that is above. ——

But Mr. *Handland*, do you think this Gentleman would take it as an affront, if I ſhould offer to pay the reckoning?

Had. I cannot tell, you had beſt to leave ſome mony with mee.

La. Your ſervant Sir, I ſhall think my ſelf ſuper-eminently happy in your farther acquaintance; and therefore I ſhall not be a little ambitious of it.

Sl. Sir, I ſhall prevent your deſires.

La. I could wiſh that I had but the felicitous fortune to be any way ſubſerviceable to you.

Sl. I ſhal eſteem it no mean honour to be your ſervant.

La. Really Sir, I preſume you think not ſo. *Exit.*

Sl. Well, go thy way, God ſend thee more wit, and me more mony, as they uſe to ſay.

Had. Mony you rogue! What would you have? Have we not now 200 pounds? Two hundred pounds! me thinks it ſounds very roundly; but that we have forſworn it, we might go purchaſe Manors, you Rogue, Lands and Tenements.

Sl. ——take your Lands and Tenements, give me an Aſſe with a thouſand pounds a year, 'tis the only revenue in the world, it comes in cleare without any taxes.

Had. But if we go on thus, I know no reaſon but that they ſhould rate us to the poor of the pariſh for him:

Sl. Such a lad indeed is a frank tenement that *Plowden* never dreamt of.

Had. A frank-tenement! A fee-ſimple rather.

Sl. Two or three ſuch youths, as I live, if I had but a mind to marry, were a joynture ſufficient for a laſs of a thouſand pounds.

Had. Why, there is another, juſt ſuch a one, in my conſcience, not far off.

Sl. I remember you were ſpeaking ſome ſuch matter to day.

Had. Nay, I have enquired more of him ſince, and I hear he has at the

the least fifteen hundred pound a year, besides some good summs in his purse.

Slur. Such a one, my boy, might be worth our notice: but what shall we do to him?

Had. Faith, e'en *modo quo priùs.*

Slur. Nay hold, all men are not alike: 'Slid, he may be terrible and valiant, a child of courage and the sword.

Had. Dost take me for a Fool or an Asse? Do you think I do not know mens tempers? He cannot in nature but be a Coward. Did I not see him the other day with a cap buttoned up on one side, and a Feather in it, upon a horse with a great saddle, at *Hide Park*? besides, did I not hear him to day talk of his Honour and Reputation?

Slur. They are shrewd signs, I must confesse.——

Had. Come, let it happen as it will, I will take the businesse upon my self; and let the worst come to the worst, he shall not have a child to deal with.

Slur. Spoke like a *Hector*, and thy self, brave *Hadland*.—— But stay, shall I go call *Caster*, and tell him of our successe?

Had Hold: Shal we fright the Rogue a little, and make him believe he must fight?

Slur. It will be rare, I vow. But here he comes.

Enter Caster.

Cast. How now, my Lads? What is the matter you look thus sober? How go affairs?

Had. Faith, e'en scurvily enough.——

Cast. Why? He will not fight? Wil he?

Slur. Fight! He was ready to fight with us two but for asking him the question.

Had. Fight, do you say! He was got, I think, betwixt two furious Armies in the heat of Charge: he thinks, he speaks, he talks of nothing else but fighting.

Slur. In the while that he was here with us, but that we carried our selves discreetly, he would have given us twenty occasions of the Challenge.

Had. I looked out after him, and I saw his Sword out twice, meerly upon some trifling businesse, of a justle, or the wall.

Slur. We have a great deliverance I think: for my part, I never was in the company of such a furious terrible boy since the hour I was borne.

Cast. Come, I am confident you did not your parts handsomly; you did not fright him enough.——

Had. Fright him, say you! I am sure I made thee such a

dreadful thing, that I dare ſwear, hadſt thou but heard me, thou wouldeſt have beene afraid of thy ſelfe this twelve month.

Slur. But that was ſo far from frighting of him, that it wrought an effect quite contrary, in ſtirring up a noble emulation in him: he ſwore ſuch a one as I deſcribed thee to be, he would go through the world but he would find out.

Had. He bleſſed himſelfe, that at the length he had the luck to to light upon one, in whom his ſword might find ſome reſiſtance, or in whoſe death he might gaine ſome honour.

Caſt. ——— Take you (*Hadland*) this was your doings.

Had. Nay, prethee be not angry, I for my part did all for the beſt.

Caſt. The beſt! Hang you, you knew it could not be otherwiſe.

Had. Nay, do not judge of a buſineſſe by the ſucceſſe.

Caſt. What do you think I ſhall do now?

Slur. In troth I cannot tell,——— Now the matter is ſo far gone there is no flying off, you muſt e'en go through.

Caſt. What? Would you have me fight?

Had. Why not?

Caſt. Do you ask why? You know it is againſt my nature: fight (quoth you!) I tremble at the very word.

Slur. Alas poor man!——

Had. Come, come, e'en fight, and if thou chance to fall, I will ſee thee honourably buried on the common ſtock.

Slur. Fight! What wouldſt thou do elſe? Haſt thou not lived long enough?

Had. I muſt confeſſe, if I had been in his condition, I think I ſhould have hanged my ſelf ſome years ago.

Slur. Haſt thou not lived to ſpend a fair eſtate, that hath kept thy Anceſtors in good repute for many ages?

Had. Haſt thou not lived by thy profane debauchneſſe, and baſe cowardlineſſe to help to ſink a cauſe in which we all do ſuffer?

Slur. Nay, now you are a little too ſerious, *Dick*.

Had. Hang him, I would I could ſay any thing that would mad him, for jeering of my face.

Slur. Nay, then have at him.——
What doſt thou live for? but to be a Moth and Canker to thy Country?——

Caſt. So 'tis well.

Slur. To pervert and ſeduce her youth?

Caſt. O that my heart would but give me leave to fall upon either of theſe Rogues.——

You

You dam'd Villains must you abuse me too? ——
But there is no trifling in this matter; I must go see what may be possibly done for to prevent it. *Exit.*

Slur. Shall we call him back again?

Had. No, let the Rascal alone in his fears until we meet anon at night.

Slur. Well, here is a Health to the Rogue howsoever.——

Had. Come on: But you know whom we are to meet withal at night; we had not best to be too busie, for they are Lads we shall do no good upon, except we first drink them up pretty high.

Slur. Well, as you will.——
But what becomes of your business?

Had. O things are in an excellent posture; what wil you say, if before night I have my Land again?

Slur. 'Tis impossible.

Had. Well, Do but mark the motions, and observe consequences.

Slur. But how can it be man, that thou shouldst ever make such an Asse of that old, wary, subtle fellow?

Had. You are deceived in him, he is not so subtle as you think for; he is as fine a dull and stupid piece of matter as you would wish to work upon: I grant you, for this many years he hath had the luck to be much imployed in his way. And although he never read *Cook* nor *Perkins*, yet I cannot tell by what conspiracy of the world, he hath been that way accounted very knowing, so that for this many years he has heaped up huge summes, and now I think is owner of some Two thousand Pounds *per annum*; through the repute of which Estate he hath beene lately made a Justice.——

Slur. For all this, if thou bringest this about, thou wilt bee more famous then he that cozen'd the Jew, the Jugler, and the Broker in Long-lane.

Had. Well, do but go along with me; and you shall know how all the matter is, for you have a part to act this Afternoon, which you must do before we meet them we promised. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Welbred and La-gul, Welbred reading of a Letter.

Wel. What ſhould this mean? *Aſide.*
Well (Sir) you will be pleaſed to tell your friend, I ſhall not fail at the appointed time and place.—— You are not ignorant, I ſuppoſe, of the buſineſs.

La. Sir?

Wel. I ſay, I will not fail to meet him.——

La. Upon my honour (Sir) I cannot gueſs your meaning, I was only deſired to deliver it unto you.

Wel. You will know more then I believe; for certainly you are the friend he means to bring along with him.

La. I the friend! ——Really, as I am a Gentleman, I do not apprehend you.

Wel. No? that is ſtrange; why the Gentleman doth challenge me.

La. 'Sfoot, am I falling into another Duel?

Wel. But you ſay, you know nothing?——

La. Upon my reputation, not I.

Wel. Well (Sir) Your Servant. I muſt go find out what this doth mean. *Exit.*

La. Well, certainly in the end I ſhall be weary of this ſame Honour, it is ſuch a dangerous thing; I am no ſooner out of the hazzard of one quarrel, but ſtraight I run into another; I cannot do anything, ſcarce move, or ſtir, or ſpeak, but it is ready to bring me indanger of a Duel; one quarrel I fell into yeſterday, another to day, and now they are drawing me into a third. Well, to prevent them, I will e'en take a Coach and go with my little new Miſtreſſe to *Hide Park*, as I promiſed her. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Welbred ſolus.

Stay,—— Whether do I go? If I fight, what ſhall I hazard? My eſtate, my life, my ſoul; for (as I am taught) I ſhall offend as well the Lawes Divine, as Civil: If I do not, I ſhall be wounded in my honour. My Honour! I, what is that? for I muſt confeſſe (the word

of late hath been ſo abuſed, that) *I* ſcarce can tell.

However, this *I* am ſure of, that each man doth naturally addict himſelf to make a choice of ſome way gaining a repute with others; in which, if he receive a check, there is nothing can more undervalue him; hee being ſuppoſed to chooſe that in which he moſt excelled. *I* therefore, being a man of that condition, that doth pretend unto a ſword, muſt run all hazards, rather then be foild in that.

Now tis true, one that hath employed his endeavours to raiſe a fame another way, might paſſe over ſuch a buſineſſe as this, and perhaps it would not at all reflect on him.

But theſe kind of men are not competent Judges of what in us they call raſh; for wee ſhall ſee, when any thing doth happen that doth concerne them in the way they have taken for to acquire a value and eſteeme, They will act things as ſtrange and inordinate: You ſhall have a man made up of meekeneſſe; A man, whoſe life and doctrine preacheth nothing elſe but patience and compliance unto others; yet he will venture for to rend both Church and State, nay, tear the world in pieces, rather then yeeld himſelf worſted in one ſilly argument.

I muſt then fight!

Ha! What ſaid *I*? fight!

Me thinks the word doth carrie horror in it; I may be kill'd, or (which is worſe) *I* may kill.

However, 'tis an action ſcarce conſiſtent with humanity; Yet, my unlucky fortune will force me on it; for were *I* one who already had ſatisfied the world of my courage, *I* might then perhaps pretend a conſcience, yet preſerve my honour.

But being as *I* am, a freſh and raw young man, whoſe deeds will be looked upon without the countenance of former actions, Conſcience (*I* ſay) will appear but a lame and pitifull excuſe. *Exit.*

The end of the ſecond Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Know-well.

SHee has an acute and handſome wit, a judgment too, not uſuall in a woman, then which there is nothing doth more touch my fancy; and yet, Shee wants not that which we call Beauty, that moſt divine proportion, that doth ſo lively ſtrike our ſouls.
Nay, I needs muſt ſay, this was the only thing which at the firſt put me to a ſtop, and would not let me paſs her over, as other common things: But now, a more noble Idea doth ſo fully repreſent it ſelf, that I ſcarce feel its force at all; Nor doth it move me, more then thoſe trivial petty ends, which in my childiſh ignorance I have purſued, would now ſtirre me: Nor is this ſtrange; for certainly, Beauty's chiefeſt (if not only) Empire, is at the firſt; but afterwards, it yeelds unto, and is regulated by what farther converſation doth produce. For, without doubt, had ſhee now all the deformity that age, or erring nature ever yet produced, I ſhould make her my choice; and thoſe impreſſions, that by the little acquaintance I have had with her, ſhee hath made in my mind, would ſo over-rule my fancy, that in deſpight of the world, I ſhould account her faire. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Had-land and Slurre.

Slur. Stay; yonder he comes.
Had. Come, ſhal we go meet him?

Enter Wel-bred: Hadland and Slurre meet him, and juſtle him.

Wel. Why how now Sir? What is the matter?
Had. —— Do you ask queſtions? *Hadland Strikes Wel-bred.*
Wel. Was ever man thus abuſed? I will dye a thouſand times rather then ſuffer this ——you baſe uncivil villain. ——

Drawes, and ſo doth Had land and Slurre, they fight a little while, and wound Wel-bred, and go away.

Wel. They are gone, but yet they have left ſomewhat behind them; for I do bleed apace; the heat they have put mee into, has boil'd my blood up unto that height, that it will all run over; well, I muſt goe get a Surgeon as ſoon as I can. —— *Exit, and enters again.*
It doth bleed more and more, and I begin to grow weak and faint;

The

The fatall hour doth certainly draw nigh; for me thinks I do begin to feel my life run out with my bloud. ——

And now as when some impressions that the fancy doth by day receive, (other objects continually plying the sense) are not at all, or else but dully sensible, but at night appear more fresh then ever;

So, now me thinks, some odde kind of thoughts, which in the earnest pursuit of those things, my youth addicted me unto, I scarce did mark, (now I am going to my eternal rest) begin to stare upon me, and look somewhat strange. ——

What a high piece of madnesse have I done, thus to lose my life about a trifle! I say, my life; that which is the chiefest good in nature, that to which all other goods are but subservient; nay, are not at all without it? What competent end then can any man propose in hazarding of it, since in all reason that for which we hazard should be of more value then that we hazard?

What dishonour had it been to me, if by my wise declining I had given some cause to think I had fear'd them, more then if in such case I had avoided a Beare or Oxe; for Honour, certainly, is nothing else but that respect and value that those things do draw, which buoy and prop one up in the world. Thus Wealth, Authority, good Friends, and Knowledg, (furnishing us with those means by which the greatest actions are performed) must needs beget a reverence and esteeme: but the force of the body is (without doubt) the most inconsiderable thing possible; he that enjoyes the greatest share of it, how small a power doth he thereby acquire? We see he must be subject to each petty Constable; nay, a dagger or a pistol makes the weakest equall to him: 'Tis true, those powerfuller arts of the more nobler part are to be honoured and admired. These many times with strange subtleties unite into one commanding power particular strengths, and being united, with as much cunning obtain its rule and Masterie. These slights we see, do make even weak, decrepit age, often formidable to, and therefore honoured by the world.. — Had I this way imployed! —— But oh! —— *he faints.* *Enter two men.*

1. Help, help the Gentleman.
2. What, is he dead?
1. Almost, I think: look how he is wounded!
2. Me thinks I should know him: I, certainly he is a customer of my Masters, and he lodges in *Chancery-lane.*
1. We had best then to carry him thither.
2. Pull out his hand-kercheife to help stop the blood.

He pulls it out, and withall pulls out the challenge La-gull gave him.

1. Look, what is that? you had best to read it.
2. What is this? I think it is a challenge.
1. A Challenge! Jesu bless us; then it seems this was some duell: Will these Gentleman never leave off these same scurvy Duells? ——

But

But wee had beſt to make haſte whilſt he hath any blood left in him.

They carry him out.

SCENE II.

Enter Know-well and Mrs. *Criſis.*

Know. I heard, Lady, that with much earneſtneſſe, he ſeem'd to enquire for me at my lodging; and therefore because I think I heard you ſay he would be here about this time, I came hither to ſee what he would have with me.

Criſ. The truth of it is, he appointed to come hither, and goe to *Hide* Park with me; but ſince he hath ſent his man to deſire me to excuſe him, becauſe there was a buſineſſe of conſequence fallen out, that he was to go about.

Know. Then all that I can ſay to it, is that he hath made me loſe a little paines.

Criſ. And ſo truly he hath me, for I have been almoſt this houre a dreſſing my ſelf, thinking to go with him.

Know. That were a great deal of pity, Lady, that any paines you have taken ſhould be in vaine; rather then ſo, if you will pleaſe to give me leave to wait upon you thither, although it be a place that I do but little frequent; yet Lady, upon this occaſion, I ſhall not a little deſire it.

Criſ. By no means Sir, I would not put you to that trouble. ——

Know. Nay, if that be the only obſtacle.

Criſ. I beſeech you Sir. ——

Know. Come Lady, it is the firſt requeſt I ever made to you, and I will not be denied.

Criſ. Nay, if you will not, I cannot tell what to ſay to it. ——

As they are going out, they meet her Father.

Old Criſ. And whither, and whither, I pray, in all this haſte?

Criſ. Only a little way, Sir, with this Gentleman.

Old Criſ. A little way! And why am not I good enough to know?

Criſ. We were a going to *Hide Park.*

Old Criſ. To *Hide Park?* I thought it was ſome ſuch place you were going to, you were ſo bedeck'd and trim'd up with all your Jin-combobs; wil you never leave following of theſe idle faſhions? —— Come, ſtand out in the light a little. Hey da! What, powder'd and patch'd again? have not I time and time forbad you ever to do ſo? off with them, I ſay, thoſe filthy blaines and ſcabs of pride, —— off with them, or I will pull them off.

Know. Nay, I beſeech you Sir, with your pardon; I muſt needs ſay you are a little too ſevere, in not letting her pleaſe her fancy in theſe kind of things.

Old Criſ.

Old Crif. Mr. *Know-well*, I ever have had that opinion of you, that I do not a little wonder, that you, of all men, ſhould ſpeak thus if you ſpeak according to your Judgement.

Know. Sir, for my part, I ſpeak what I think; for certainly, you have little reaſon to blame her thus.

Old Crif. Reaſon? though to her my will is reaſon ſufficient; yet I would not have you believe that I ſpeak without a cauſe. For do you think it doth become a ſober, civil, modeſt Virgin, as I hope ſhee is, to follow all the ſeveral faſhions, thoſe fantaſtick changes, and whimſical dances led by the vain and empty part of the world?

Know. Sir, for my part I could wiſh our habits were as conſtant as the courſe of nature, nor that we had more change of dreſs then birds or trees; but this I can but wiſh; for we ſee the generall humour of the world ever yet has been ſo ſet upon the contrary, that one can ſcarce diſcreetly hope it; nay, hee that would but a little ſtrictly enquire and ſearch into our natures, and mark how prone and apt they are for variety and change, might almoſt demonſtrate its impoſſibility; for certainly, as long as in the world there are men of ſeverall qualities and degrees, the inferiour, and more baſe will imitate the waies of thoſe of better ranke, and ſtrive to intrench upon, and gaine their cuſtomes; which being no ſooner got by the one, but the other will deſpiſe them, and ſeek for new. Seeing then theſe alterations are ſo unavoidable, without doubt, it wil more become one in a moderate way to yeild unto, then vainely to oppoſe them. For whatſoever the riged do pretend, there is nothing can more argue a fantaſtick humor, or ſelf-conceited pride; then with ones ſingle whimſeys to oppoſe what is received by the generality.

Old Crif. 'Tis true Sir, I needs muſt yeeld thus far, for I ſhould condemn her of the height of folly, ſhould ſhee oppoſe the general uſe in things that are indifferent: but that I chiefly blame her is, for certaine knacks and faſhions, which although in common uſe and cuſtome, yet not being decent and comely in themſelves, muſt needs be unlawfull.

Know. That, Sir, is impoſſible; for cuſtome is the very ſquare and rule of what is decent, and what not; indecency being nothing elſe but that harſh diſcord that any thing doth make, if it doth chance to interfere with the common courſe of things, and certainly, the ſoundeſt judgments wil not hold any habit to be ſimply in its ſelf unlawfull. Thus much, indeed, muſt be granted, that ſome attires, by being firſt uſed by (and therefore being reckoned for the badges of) the vainer and more fantaſtick ſort, may from them acquire ſome accidentall ſcandall, which afterwards (they growing into uſe, with the ſober and more ſtaid) by the ſame reaſon they muſt needs mew and let fall.

Old Crif. This Sir, is ſomewhat ſtrange; for although I cannot tel to what narrow limits you may confine the word *decency* in its ſtricteſt notion, yet there is nothing more certain then that there are vain, light, &

immodeſt habits, of their proper nature abſtracted from all thoſe gloſſes that cuſtome may fling on them.

Know. Truly Sir, I think not, nor I believe will you, if you but conſider the buſineſſe a little more; for vanity is nothing elſe but the affectation of the ſignes of thoſe things we really have not; as in attires, if the aged do uſurp what doth belong to youth, the poor to the rich, the inferiour to the more Noble. Now Sir, what is it that doth define to each of theſe their ſeverall Characterizing Garbes, but uſe and arbitrary Cuſtome? And ſo farre is any habit in it ſelf from repreſenting what is grave or light, that ſhould it pleaſe Omnipotence, (as there is nothing impoſſible) but to invert the common courſe of Nature, make thoſe the markes of age, which are now of youth; the ſmooth chin would then be as reverend, as is now the bald head; Then ſhould you have the grave and venerable ſilver haires bee worne in amorous wanton Bracelets. Nay, nothing in this kinde, but as to theſe reſpects, would have its alteration.

And as for Modeſty; 'Tis true, although it bee a vertue alike requiſite in all; yet, what thoſe things are wherein 'tis exerciſed, Cuſtome doth onely determine: You ſee here that familiar with our coyeſt, niceſt Dames, which, in ſome places, would ſcarce be done by the moſt notorious ſtrumpets; nay, what many times with us is but neceſſary, how ſtrangely would it looke in the other ſex? And I would faine know that man could give me a ſolid reaſon of this difference beſides common cuſtome. I am ſure there can bee no habit whatſoever fancied to be ſo immodeſt, as wee ſhould now account none at all to bee; yet there are ſome that with no ſlight reaſons will maintaine our onely naturall dreſſe (were it but backed by a generall Cuſtome) would bee the moſt innocent; and thoſe deſires which by reſtraint are now chiefly inflamed, would then grow cold and dull, as wee ſee ſome things which elſe-where are accounted a recompence ſufficient for a ſtab, here through there facility are ſcarce valued; Nor was it ſaid amiſſe of one who called clothes a meere device hatch'd in Madam *Venus* Cloſet; —— for ſurely they are the greateſt ſtratagem by which her Empire doth ſubſiſt.

Old Criſ. I muſt confeſſe, Sir, you do repreſent ſome things unto mee, which before I did not ſo cleerely marke; But yet (Sir) were it granted, that cuſtome were the onely rule for what were to bee done in theſe kind of matters, yet thoſe things for which I did find fault with her, have nor obtain'd a generall uſe; for if wee ſhould goe preſently into the ſtreets, wee ſhould ſee not one in forty uſe them.

Know. Herein, Sir, doth lie the grand miſtake; for as many ſeverall ſorts of men, the various accidents of fortune doth produce; ſo many ſeverall faſhions doth common uſe alot; nor is this more

then

then what hath beene provided for by publick lawes, in the beſt order'd Common-Wealths. Now Sir, If in my attire I do conforme my ſelf to thoſe of my degree, I never ſhall offend againſt the rule of decency; and for my part, I ſee nothing in her dreſſe, but what for ſome while hath generally been done by the civilleſt Ladies of her yeares and quality, eſpecially in this place; for I muſt confeſſe, that may be ſtar'd at in a Country towne, that here would bee but needfull. And this diſcourſe, Sir, doth put me in mind of what I have known to have been the opinion of ſome Judicious men, that the dreſſe which of theſe late yeers hath been in requeſt amongſt us (what e're the aged out of their uſuall vanity of magnifying their younger years wil ſay to the contrary) is the civilleſt, moſt comely, and leſs extravagant that hath been uſed for theſe many ages.

Old Criſ. Well daughter, Mr. *Know-well* hath ſo wel pleaded for you, that I am content that you ſhall follow your own humour, for this day at the leaſt. —— And if you doe go, you had beſt to goe preſently, leſt it be late before you come home, for I can tell, you the air is very ſharp.

Know. Your ſervant Sir. ——

Old Criſ. God bu'ye, good Maſter *Know.* *Exeunt ſeverall waies.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mrs. *Pate in a Widows attire, and Juſtice Quorum.*

Juſt. Now Mrs. you have no more to doe, then to take out execution, for you have a judgment of 5310 pounds. —— Believe mee, your adverſary was like to have ſerved you but a crafty Citizens trick of it, if I had not beſtirred my ſelf for you.

Pate. He that doth command you to plead the cauſe of the Widow, Sir, I hope, will reward you. ——

Juſt. But what was the reaſon, I pray Mrs. that your husband did intruſt him with ſo great a ſum?

Pate. Sir, going to the late Warrs, and fearing what hazard hee might thereby runne, did thinke he might have relied upon this mans fidelity, (he being his very intimate friend) little imagining that hee would have proved ſuch a wicked knave, as to have cozen'd me his poor wife. —— *Shee weeps.*

Juſt. Peace, Mrs. for ſeeing the matter has ſucceeded ſo well, you have little cauſe to weep.

Pate. I Sir, 'Tis true: but whenſoever I think of the good man, *I* cannot forbear; O! little did he think *I* ſhould ever have been put to all this trouble and vexation,

Juſt. But the maine point now will be, whether this man be reſponſible?

Pate. O Sir, that is not to be queſtioned, for he is one you cannot look upon, but you muſt think of thouſands, a fat, greaſie Burgo-maſter, he commonly goeth in a ruffe, and a black pinked Satan doublet, you had as good doubt of my Lord Major, and all the Aldermen; the publick Faith would not take up ſo much upon the Exchange, as his word.

Juſt. 'Tis well, if it be ſo. —— But Mrs. where be thoſe writings you ſent for me to look upon?

Pate. You ſhall ſee them preſently Sir. ——
Sue, bring me the little black Trunk in my Chamber. —.

Enter maid with a Trunke.

Here they be, Sir, ſome old writings of my husbands, I would bee glad to know what they meane. ——

Su. Forſooth, your brother is below with another Gent. they are newly come out of the Country.

Pate. My brother! *Shee runs out haſtily.*

Juſt. But Heark you hither, ſweet heart; do you remember what you promiſed me.

Su. I Sir, and if I durſt, I could ſay ſomewhat.

Juſt. Durſt? Why, what is the matter?

Su. O Lord Sir, I am afraid ſhe will be angry.

Juſt. Come, come, I'le warrant you: Here. *Gives her money.*

Su. O Sir, You are a Noble Gentleman, and for your ſake, I will venture her diſpleaſure. The truth of it is, Sir, (but I hope you will not ſay I ſaid ſo.)

Juſt. No, no, do not fear.

Su. Well, Sir, I dare ſwear ſhee loves you.

Juſt. Say you ſo? Stay, here is ſomewhat more for you.

Gives her more money.

Sue. I, Sir, for ſhee doth nothing but talke what a grave, comely, old Gent. you are, and very like her firſt husband.

Juſt. Why, was her firſt husband an old man?

Sue. O, I Sir; or elſe he never had had her, for I thinke there never was woman of ſo ſtrange a humour as ſhe is, in this world; for from her infancy, ſhee ever doted on old men; I have heard her ſay, that in theſe her late Law-troubles, it has been no ſmall comfort to her, that ſtill ſhe hath been converſant with grave Counſellers & Sergeants, and what a happineſs ſhe has had to look ſomtimes an hour together upon the Judges. Shee will goe and walke a whole afternoone in Charter-houſe-Garden, on purpoſe to view the ancient Gentlemen there.

And if ſhee hear but of a man that is buried with as many old men following him, as he is years old, ſhe wil go a mile to ſee it: There is an old beggar that uſes to come hither ſomtimes that ſhe wil talk with an hour

hour together: ſometimes ſhe will condole her ſelf that ſhe did not live before the flood, that ſhe might have had one of thoſe ancient Patriarks; the laſt year ſhe was ſcarce perſwaded, but that ſhe would take a Journey into ſome of the far Northern Nations, where men do ordinarily live unto ſeven or eight ſcore years of age. As we were coming by S. *Dunſtans* not long ago, ſhe ſpied the Picture of old *Par*, ſhe needs would have the Coach ſtay until ſhe had bought it, and ſince ſhe has hung it up in her Cloſet, and will weep ſometimes over it an hour together.

Juſt. Nay, if this be true, I cannot tell what to think of it.

Sue. Sir, not long ago there was a young Gentleman here about the Town, who hearing of her Riches, and knowing this her humor, had almoſt got her, by counterfeiting himſelf to be an old man.

Juſt. I?

Sue. O I ſhall never, I think, forget how he came in a white Perriwig and his falſe beard; I cannot almoſt but laugh, when I think how handſomely he carried the buſineſſe, how he made as if his hands trembled, and his head ſhaked, how he ſeemed to be deaf, and have the Gout, and twenty other Infirmities of age, inſomuch that my Miſtris was extremely taken with him.

Juſt. And how came he to miſſe her?

Sue. The ſtrangelieſt that ever you heard: for all things were agreed, the very Writings drawn, and when he came to ſeal them, becauſe he ſet his name without uſing a pair of Spectacles, ſhe would never ſee him more.

Juſt. Nay, if ſhe can love an old man ſo well.——

Sue. But here ſhe comes, Sir. *Exit Sue.*

Enter Pate with Hadland and Slur.

Had. Siſter, I deſire that you would entertain this Gentleman, Sir *Thomas Cranfield*, as my friend.

Slur. Madam, I ſhall think it no ſmall happineſſe to be reckoned amongſt the number of your ſervants.

Pat. Sir, for my brothers ſake, I ſhall be glad of your farther acquaintance.

Had. Siſter, I am loaden with a number of Services to you from your friends in the Country.

Pat. How do they all, I pray? Sir *Richard Howard*, and my Lady *Tanfield*?——

But, Brother, have you brought up the money I wrote for, you know what occaſions of expence *I* have had in this Law buſineſs.

Had. I could not in ſo ſhort a time, Siſter, procure ſo much as you wrote for; but I have made a ſhift to get almoſt 200 l. though among your Tenants, the reſt they will pay you when you come down, which your friends hope will not be long firſt; I promiſed them to bring you down with me.

Juſt. Ha! Tenants! *Aſide.*

Had.

Had. But, Sister, I must speak a word to you in private.——

Slur. Sir *John*, I take my leave of you.

Had. What are you going Sir *Thomas?* I will wait upon you anon at your Lodging.

Slur. Madam, your most humble servant. *Exit.*

Exeunt Hadland and Pate.

Just. Stay, what is here? A Mortgage of the Manor of *Dove*.—— A Bond for seven hundred pounds.——

A Bond in nine hundred pound to *John Tompkins* of S. *Clements* Esquire. That was her husband sure.

Another Mortgage of Lands in *Lincolnshire*,— to him too. There is no end of her Wealth.——

And then the Land they talked of in the Country.—— *Enter Sue*

Just. How now, *Sue*? what newes now?

Sue. What do you think?

Just. What, prethee?

Su. Did not you see a gallant Gentleman come with my Mistris her brother?

Just. I, Sir *Thomas*, I think they called him: What of him?

Su. I dare say, he comes to be a Suiter to my Mistris.—— Somewhat I have over-heard ——

If you will but step in here a little, I believe you may heare more.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hadland and Pate, Justice and Sue at the other door to over-hear them.

Had. Sister, you see he is a proper Gentleman, and I can assure you he has almost seven thousand pounds *per annum*.

Pate. Speak no more of him, brother, for I shall never think of him in that Nature.

Had. Why? what is the reason, Sister?

Pat. I desire that you would pardon me for that.

Had. I hope you are engaged unto no body?

Pat. No, not engaged.——But—— *She weeps.*

Had. What is the matter, Sister? Come, let me be partaker of what ever troubles you. You do not use to be thus strange to me.

Pat. I do not indeed, but now, me thinks, I have too much cause for me to appear strange unto my self.

Had. Why? what is the matter?

Pat. From you (dear brother) I cannot conceal any thing, yet I could

could wish you could now guesse my thoughts, and look into my mind, and see what strange passions there have ruled of late, without forcing of me to straine my modesty.

Had. What? are you in love with any body? Come, let me know the party, a brothers advice may do you no hurt.

Pat. If I should tell, I know you would laugh at me; but truly I shal rather deserve your pity.——

Had. Come, come, tell me; who is it?

Pat. Did not you see an ancient Gentleman with me when you came in?

Had. What, is it any son or kinsman of his?

Pat. No, no. *She weeps.*

Had. Who then?

Pat. I have told you.

Had. Who, that feeble and decrepit piece of age?

Pat. Nay, brother.——

Had. That sad effect of some threescore years and ten, that antick relick of the last Century?

Pat. Nay, brother, I told you, you would serve me so.——

Had. But, sister, prethee be a little serious. Dost thou love him indeed?

Pat. Alas, dear brother, it is but too true.

Had. It is impossible.

Pat. One would think so indeed.

Had. I grant, you may bear a reverence and regard, as you would to your fathers ashes, or your Grandsires Tomb.

Pat. Witness all that are good and just, never a youth of two and twenty stirred more amorous desires then he hath done in me.

Just. I see now *Sue*, thou saist true.

Had. Certainly the Villain hath bewitched her, could ever woman be thus mad else, to be in love with age and rottenness, to be in love with a withered carcass, whom its own soul being weary of, is ready to forsake and leave?

Pat. Alas, brother, you know I never did affect those vain, though pleasing braveries of youth, but still have set my mind on the more nobler part of man, which Age doth more refine and elevate; then it doth depresse and sink this same contemptible clod.

Had. Well, Sister, to morrow you shall go down with me into the Country; I'll warrant we shall find them there shall make you forget this same reverend Sir.

Pat. O never, never.

Had. Do but try.——

I have a Coach here in the Town, come, come, you shall go, I will presently go and take order about things. *Exeunt.*

Enter Justice and Sue.

Sue. Now you will believe me another time.

Just.

Juſt. I can ſcarce believe my ſelf; but is it poſſible that ſhe ſhould ſo love me, and I could never perceive it all this while?

Sue. Alas, Sir, ſhe is ſo modeſt, that I dare ſwear, except it had been to her brother, ſhe would have concealed this ſame paſſion until it had broke her very heart.

Juſt. But what had I beſt to do?

Sue. Nay, Sir, you ſee your danger, if her brother ſhould carry her into the Country to morrow, how they may work upon her eaſie nature, I cannot tell.

Juſt. You ſay true.

Sue. E'en ſtrike while the iron is hot; for ought I know, if you let this night paſs, you are gone for ever.

Juſt. Doſt think ſhe would marry me this night then?

Sue. That would be ſomewhat ſudden, I muſt confeſſe, but I dare ſwear you might perſwade her unto any thing, if you do but take your opportunity when her Brother is gone.

Juſt. Well, I will try what may be done.——
But, Sweet-heart, They were juſt now talking of Tenants that ſhe had, has ſhe any Land too in the Country?

Sue. I, Sir, for my part, came to her ſince ſhe came to *London*, and therefore cannot ſpeak any thing of mine own knowledge, but ſomewhat I believe I can gueſſe.

Juſt. Why, I pray?

Sue. Sir, every now and then here comes a company of fellowes in letherne breeches with money to my Miſtris, and here they keep a talking of Leaſes, and renewing of Leaſes, and Fines; a deuce take them for me, I am ſure I am fain to clean our Dining-Room ſome four or five times a week after them.

Juſt. Say you ſo? Say you ſo?

Sue. Then (Sir) for a month together about laſt Lady-day, we lived upon nothing but Capons that theſe fellowes ſent us.

Juſt. You were ſhrewdly hurt, were you not?

Sue. 'Twas but the laſt week that one, ſhe calls him her——Baily, I think.

Juſt. I, I, right, right; what of him?

Sue. Why he ſent her a Gammon of Bacon ſeaſoned with peppercornes, that were due to her, one from each Farm.

Juſt. I?

Sue. And when that fellow comes up to the Town, there is ſuch a talking of Rents, Quit-rents, Reverſions, Harriots, and I know not what all ——
There are ſome other things ſhe has, they uſe to talk much of, that I have quite forgot; Stay, ——Mannals I think they call them.

Juſt. Manors, you meane.

Sue. I, Manors, Manors, what are they (Sir?) any ſort of cattle?

Juſt.

Just. No, no, you Cockney.——
How shall *I* wallow in Wealth! *I* shall never be able to tame my luxuriant bags.— *I* may found Hospitals, Colledges, or build Churches.

Sue. Sir, and have them turned to Stables.

Just. Mas, thou saist true, Wench. I may make Causeways or build Bridges.——

Sue. Well (Sir) you had not best to lose all, while you are a thinking of it.

Just. 'Tis well said, I will go to her presently. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter La-gul and Mrs. Bud.

La. YOur Physiognomy (Madam) will erect a Monarchy greater then that of the *Ottomans*.

Bud. Lord! What doth this mean? *Aside.*
I am confident (Sir) you do but complement.

La. Complement! No, upon my Honour, Madam; for certainly your beauty was composed to captivate the world, and amongst the rest, to make me your eternal Bondslave.

Bud. Truly Sir, I dare not think my self worthy of that honour.

Enter Orange-Woman with Oranges.

Wom. Please your Honour, Madam, to have some Oranges: Please your Honour, dainty, curious, fine Oranges.

Bud. Let's see Woman.—— How many Oranges for two pence?

Wom. How many for two pence! ——Take you, you use to come to *Hide Park*, I'll warrant. I wonder under what Milk-pail you have been bred.

La. Was there ever such an affront?
What must I do now? May I draw upon a Woman by the rule of Honour? Or must I kick her? *Aside.*
You dirty whore, you.——

Wom. You think your self a pretty fellow in your buttoned cap.
Exit Woman.

Enter Woman with Apricocks.

La. I could wish (Madam) that she had been one that I could have in an honourable way, sacrificed my deerest blood to your incomparable Beauty.

Wom. Please your Honour, Madam, curious Apricocks; Please your Honour to buy my Apricocks?

Lu. I think, I will not be ſo affronted again.
Come woman, let's ſee your Apricocks. What is the price of theſe two baskets?

Wom. They are three ſhillings a piece, if it pleaſe your Honour.

La. Three ſhillings a piece! What no more? Have you no better?

Wom. If it pleaſe your Honour, at the other end there are ſome that are Crowns a piece.

La. Are there ſo? And, I pray, why did not you ſhew them at the firſt?

Wom. Becauſe I did not think you ſuch an Aſſe. *Aſide.*

La. Pleaſe you to chuſe, Madam.——

Bud. I'l have this.

La. Come, I'l have one too.——
Hold up your basket: There is an Angel, I think. *Flings her a handful of money.*

Wom. God bleſſe your Honours.——
And ſend you more wit. I roſe on my right ſide, I think, to day.—— *Aſide.*

Bud. What do you mean to ſpend your money thus, Sir?

La. O God, Madam, were I maſter of the Indies, of all the hidden Treaſures of the ſea, your Beauty ſhould command it all.

Bud. Truly, Sir, you make me that I cannot tell what to ſay.——
But (Sir) had we not beſt go where the company is again?

La. I will go ſee (Madam) whether the Coach be where we left it. *Exit.*

Enter La-gul again.

La, Madam, will it pleaſe you to walk, for the Coach is yonder? *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Know-wel and Mrs. Criſis talking.

Know. ——For you, Lady, are the only ſhe of whom I ever yet could ſeriouſly in this nature think of; And if I ſhal e're find in you an affection anſwerable to my deſires, they then will reſt, as having attained the chiefeſt good I e're could hope for from your Sex.

Criſ. Am I the only ſhe (ſay you) that you ever could think of? That very thing (me thinks) doth make me ſuſpect whatſoever elſe you have ſaid.

Know. 'Tis true (Lady) I needs muſt ſay, that I have ſeen many a one in whoſe enjoyment, perhaps, I could have had no meane con-

content; we might have lived together with all the usual love, she might have made me a Father, and I have thought so; and if I should have lost her, I should have thought my self bereaved of one of those things that serve to pass away a troublesome life, as good company, or Sack.

But one, in admiring of whom I could be content to spend my time, one whom, rather then to misse, I should run all imaginable hazards, I never yet saw, till you.

Crif. Come, fye, fye, Mr. *Know-wel.* Truly, I did not expect this from you.

Should one of those youths indeed, who then think they shew most of Accomplishment, when they expresse most Service unto us; not surely that they have that real value they pretend; but because (as sometimes great Doctors, upon trifling silly questions, wil shew their Learning) they judg us to be convenient properties to try their Wit and Courtship on: Should such a one (I say) have said so much, I should have esteemed it accordingly.

But what your most sober judgment can find out in me, a thing so trifling and inconsiderable to occasion these kind of words, I do not a little wonder.

Know. Lady, do not wrong your self with these meane thoughts, for certainly there is not that person in the world that I do value like you. I will not so far trespasse on your modesty to tell you why; yet I have not been esteemed to act things irrational.

Crif. Value me, Sir! for what?

Me thinks, were *I* but subject to those general imputations, to which our Sex is liable, it were enough to extinguish such a thought.

You see, Sir, *I* am a woman, one of the most undervalued Creatures living; we never yet by any polity were allowed to meddle with any thing but a needle: We are not esteemed to know ought of rational but our wills; nay, some will not allow us for to know our wills. And should *I* but consider my self by what some Satyrick Wits say of us, *I* could not but believe my self one of the most despicable things in Nature.

Know. You have indeed no little cause for to quarrel with the general custome that doth put such a difference betwixt you and us.

For have we not all the same rational souls, the same affects and qualities? Nay, *I* need must say, *I* have not seen more acute differencing and discerning spirits, then *I* have in some women; nor do *I* see any reason, but if they should improve and blow those natural sparks they are endued with, by the same means that we do use (neglecting those poor mechanick things to which the absurd humour of the world doth usually addict them) but that they would make a greater blaze then the most eminent of men. And such accomplishments meeting with the usual beauty and sweetnesse of their Sex, must needs extremely captivate and ravish, nor would any thing come so nigh Divinity.

Crif. Well Sir, Although it were granted that there might be somewhat poſſible in woman fitting to be valued, what were that to me? I ſhou'd no more dare to believe my ſelf owner of any ſuch thing, then that I did poſſeſſe the Indies.

Know. No!
Could I but upon as good an account believe you ever to be mine, I ſhould believe my ſelf to poſſeſſe more then them.
Come (dear Lady) will you give me but the leaſt of hopes to enjoy what e're perfection it be that you are owner of? Shall I think ever to call it mine?

Crif. Truly (Sir) I think not, for.——

Know. Hold Lady, let me have a little more warning before you intend to give me a ſtroak ſo mortal; do not in one inſtant make me a thing irrational, of no deſign. For ſince my hopes have once made you their end, there can nothing ſurely ever appear to me, ſo worthy as to fix a thought upon.

Crif. Sir, you did a little miſtake me, for (as I think) I never did yet any thing that might encourage you to ſpeak in this nature.
So truly, thereby I needs muſt ſay, I did not intend to deſtroy whatſoever hopes you have conceived of me; for that which I was a going to ſay, (had you but given me leave) was only this:
Suppoſe me Miſtris of all the Wit and Parts that ever yet was incident to our Sex,
And (now I am ſuppoſing of ſuch impoſſible things) ſuppoſe me (as you juſt now ſaid) yours; what were that to you more then to all the world? for you could as well hope to appropriate the Air as ſuch Accompliſhments. The Sun it ſelf doth not afford more general and communicative influence then they would do.
Nay, perhaps as we now are, you might more enjoy ſuch qualities; for what would wit in a wife ſerve for, but to interfere with yours.
Nor have they been eſteemed unwiſe, whom I have heard ſay, they could well ſpare all Judgment in one of that relation, ſave what were requiſite to a handſome dreſſe, or ſo.——

Know. I am ſo far, Lady, from thinking ſo, that were that real which you now ſuppoſed, the greateſt Epicure could not more enjoy what e're his ſenſual appetite doth prompt him to, then I ſhould thoſe perfections of your mind; for then we ſhould not only be linked in that myſtical knot, nor with thoſe more natural tyes and charmes, as you are woman or fair; but certainly we ſhould cloſe in that ſtricter conjuncture of friend and friend, the greateſt cement poſſible 'twixt humane ſouls.
And where it joines us with the more refin'd minds, it is a happineſſe that the ſuper-errogating Saint in his boldeſt error could never hope to merit. For to have one who as my better Genius, might regulate even in their firſt matter my imparted thoughts. What can be a greater bliſs?

Or if I had any thing of worth or value in me, to have such a conscient judge and witnesse, would almost imitate the pleasure that some in the thought of an all-knowing Deity, can in any mis-construed action solace themselves against the opinion of the world.

'Tis true, I know some kind of Madam, who perhaps, having some not unhappy vaine which a little too much taking with the world, might drive her into strange conceits of what shee scarce can tell, and make her prove as troublesome and crosse, as sometimes are the winds, and have as various and fantastick waies: but wee should no more thwart or differ from each other, then truth would doe from truth, the waies of judgment and discretion being as certaine and demonstrative: wee should anticipate each others thoughts, our actions would be as harmonious as are those of Ants or Bees, as if by some secret law of nature we were designed to carry on some common worke: what say you, Lady, should we not? shal I ever enjoy in you this happinesse?

Cris. If not Sir, Your Fancy that hath thus largely supplyed all my defects, will easily make good to you a greater losse.

Know. Nay; Prethee be as serious as is the love I bear thee; and tell me freely and plainly what result that which you have observ'd of me hath wrought upon your thoughts; for this is the onely thing by which I must either stand or fall: for should I by intreaties seeke to force your will, 'twould be but vaine, since if you cannot afford, to answer my affection, they must needs make you loath, if not contemn and scorn me.

Cris. Shall I answer you then, and will you not be sorry?

Know. Hold, for me thinks I stand with the same paine, that the prisones doth, that is to receive sentence either of life or death; faine would I be out of doubt, but loth I am to undergoe the trial; but speak, for certainly you have no condemning look.

Cris. Well then Sir; to be short, if I should say you are a man, like whom, I never yet saw any; such a one, whom when in my prayers I have thought of man, *I* have wish'd for, and desired; it is a truth Sir, which perhaps, by the exact rule of wooing you should not yet have known; and now you know it, you may be sorry that you so easily know it; but *I* cannot help it.

Know. What could *I* more desire!

Cris. Sir, but I believe it is pretty late, wherefore, if you please, let us go to the Coach again. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Love-wit.

Lo. It was my better genius surely, put me on this device, it could not else have fallen out so luckily; for me thinks I have observed a more then ordinary kindnesse between my Cozen and this Gentleman, since their coming home; and now I call to mind, this was the man whom shee did so commend to day, and defend against us all; I needs must say, that *I* was much mistaken in him, for surely, he is one of far more worth then I did take him for to be.

Well, if she have any such desires, would heaven enflame them to the height, and so finish my imperfect hopes, which already doe begin to take some shape and forme. ——

But here I think she is. —— *Enter Crisis, and Know-well.*

Lov. What, are you come, Affection?

Cris. *I*, is it not time?

Lov. And how go now affaires at *Hide-Park*? what new beauties are there come to Town, since I have been in the Country? which is the chiefest planet that doth now shine in that round-moving orbe of Coaches?

Cris. You should have asked, what was the newest fashion, who had the finest gowne, or the handsomest dresse; for these are things wee women onely mark: This Gent. I believe, would better have resolved you that question. ——

What say you Mr. *Know-well*, which was the handsomest Lady that you saw there?

Know. That, Lady, would be a very difficult businesse to determine, I should rather chuse me a Mrs. by her picture, or as the *Italians*, they say, do, through a window, and thinke my self subject unto lesse deceit.

Lov. Why, I pray Sir?

Know. When one sees, Lady, nothing but a face, and that dress'd up unto the height, I might as well Judge of a book by the fine Greeke title; the Vardingales had not so much imposture; give me a place where I may see and Judge of all dimensions.

I remember I mark'd a Lady there whom I have seene somewhere before, she is one (Ladies) that hath the strangest antick shape as ever nature in her greatest whimsey was Author of.

But as sometimes you shall see a pretty neat device carved on a knotty crab-tree stick, her face, I must confesse, is not much amisse, for as she order'd the businesse with her advantageous fitting in the Coach, she was the only shining planet, as you say, that drew all eyes upon her.

Lov.

Lov. No Sir, she was but a false deluding Comet.

Know. I, so shee might, for I am sure she has a huge excrescence at her back.

Cris. Well, but Mr. *Know-well*, what say you to the Western Lady that I shewed you?

Know. She doth wel, I must confesse, at a distance, but when wee came neerer, me thought she was but ordinary.

Cris. There was one I told you of, that I said was newly come to the town, is not she handsome?

Know. Handsome?

Cris. I will assure you there are some whose opinions are accounted very authentick in these kind of things, that say so.

Know. Surely then I believe they have a mind to try how much their judgments can impose upon the world.

Cris. There was a lass in the Coach with the green Livery that you look'd much upon.

Know. She had indeed a good complexion, and I believe right; besides, a pretty innocent look, as if she meant no hurt, and pitty it were to do her any. And although shee have some features which, according to the exact rule are not esteemed handsome, yet certainly, there is somewhat in her face, will force one to believe them pleasing.

Cris. Do you remember Sir, she in the cloth of Silver wast-coate, that I bad you take notice of.

Know. Yes, that I do, and truly shee will serve well enough, only me thinks she has a kind of sullen look, as if she would be angry, if the artillery of her eyes should fail.

Lov. There was, when I was last in the town, a City Lady, that was much talked of.

Cris. O! I wonder how I have forgot her all this while, that was shee we overtook, you ey'd her much.

Know. I did indeed, because I have heard so much of her; shee has a most compleat and perfect beauty, nor can the greatest critick in this kind find any fault with the least proportion of her face, but yet me thought I was no more taken with it, then I should with some curious well drawn picture.

Lov. That Sir, is somewhat strange. ——

Know. In my mind, not at all, Lady; for it is not alwaies that we are Governed by what the generall fancy of the world calls beauty; for each soul hath some predominant thoughts, which when they light on ought that strike on them, there is nothing doth more enflame. And as in musick, that pleaseth not most which with the greatest art and skill is composed; but those aires that do resemble and stir up some dormant passion to which the mind is addicted. So I believe, never yet was any one much taken with a face, in which he did not espie ought that did rouse and put in motion some affection that hath ruled in

his

his thoughts, beſides thoſe features, which only for the ſake of common opinion we are forced to ſay doth pleaſe.

Lov. Yonder comes Mr. *La-gull*, I think.

Know. I will ſtand aſide here a little, then. *Exit Know-well.*

Enter La-gull and Girle.

Lov. Mr. *La-gull*, your ſervant.
What? are you come but now?

La. No, Madam, We ſtaid ſomewhat the longer by reaſon of a ſmall accident that hapned.

Lov. What was that, I pray?

Criſ. I hope it is not another ſtory of a buſk. *Aſide.*

La. This night, Madam, there was a horſe-race, on which I had laid a trifling bett of ſome forty pounds. Wherefore I being deſirous for to ſee it, (firſt, craving pardon of this Lady, for my ſo rudely leaving her) got upon my Barbary Mare that my Lacquey had there. And (Madam) there happened to be there a French-man, one who (as I have heard) is a *Monſieur* of much honour and repute in his Country: He (Madam) obſerving me, ſaid I did ride well, and manage my horſe handſomely for an *Engliſh* man; which I over hearing, told him, that I was tranſcendently engaged to him for his good opinion of me; but yet I could not in honour but take notice of the affront he put upon my Country in thoſe words; wherefore (Madam) I told him, that if he pleaſed, he ſhould find an *Engliſh* man could rule a ſword as well as a Horſe; and upon that (Madam) we drew.

Criſ. There was no hurt done I hope? was there?

La. Not much, Madam.
Yet I muſt confeſſe, I made a thruſt at him, which he bearing down run quite through his *Porte-canon*; And he with a hanger that he had, ſtroke at my head, which I could not ſo fully ward, but that he cut off the butron of my Cap; and then (Madam) we were parted by the company; but he bid me look to hear further from him, and went his way, and I came back to this ſame Lady.

Criſ. Truly Sir, your Country cannot but look upon you as one of her chiefeſt Champions.

La. O God Madam! the honour of my Country is far dearer to mee, then my life. I ſhould be unworthy to live in it, ſhould I have ſuffer'd it to receive ſuch an affront. *Enter ſervant with a letter.*

Ser. Sir, here is one hath brought you a letter.

La. For mee? I'le warrant 'tis the Gent. I talked of, hath ſent me a challenge. —For I have taken order to have one ſent, the more to countenance this ſame ſtorie. —— *Aſide.*

Lov. A challenge ſay you, is it? pray let me ſee, I never yet did ſee the faſhion of a challenge.

She takes it.

La. Nay Madam. ——

Lov. Come, I will read it.

La. If

La. If you wil, I cannot tell how to helpe it, for I was not born to contradict faire Ladies wills. ——

Lo. Stay, What is this? ——

" Sir, I (according as you desired me) have found out the Gentleman " you wot of, whom I do really find to have much interest in your ad- " versary.

La. Hold Lady, for this is not a challenge, but a letter of some private businesse. ——

Lov. 'Tis no matter, now I have begun, I will make an end of it.

La. Excuse me, Madam.

Cris. Why Mr. *La-gull*, I thought you had not been born to contradict fair Ladies wills. ——

La. Nay, Madam, I must have it. *He offers to take it from her.*

Lov. Here —— *Shee flings it to Crisis. La-gull offers to take it from her with some rudenesse, shee striving to keep it, in the midst of the bustle Enter Know-wel.*

Kn. Why, you uncivill fellow, what is the matter? *He makes him let her goe.*

La. What, is he here too? how unluckily it falls out? Mis-fortune on Mis fortune!

Cris. Here Mr. *Know-well*, read this.

Know. Read this! —— *He reads the beginning.*

" But I could by no means prevaile with him to be a means of taking " your quarrel up, except you lend him the summe I told you of, " which (you to day referring the matter unto mee) I have promi- " sed him; and have procured one that will lay downe the money. " Wee shall be all at night at the old place, where I desire you would " not faile, but meete, that wee may make an end of the busi- " nesse.

Your humble servant
Rich. Hadland.

Lov. No surely, this is no challenge.

La. What shall I do? I am disgraced for ever. My honour, my honour and reputation is lost eternally.

Cris. Not a whit Sir; for to tell you plainly, there is none here, that I believe, did ever think you had any to lose.

La. I am abused, some body has abused me with this letter.

Know. You are abused indeed Sir, and will be more, if you do not take heed.

Lo. Come Mr. *La-gull*, you are amongst none but your friends, if you will be ruled by us, I'le warrant you you shall doe well enough yet.

Crif. You had as good take ſome counſel now, leſt you repent when it is too late.

Kow. The truth of it is, Sir, you are hapned into the hands of ſome ſubtle youths, who knowing you to bee a man of a faire fortune, never any Merchants Caſh-keeper, or Laſſe of twenty thouſand pounds, had more deſignes on them, then they have on you

La. What would you have me do?

Criſ. Doe? Why, e'ne as thoſe of your temper uſe to do; leave this town, marry, and ſeat your ſelfe in the country.

Lo. Come not up hither, except it be in an *Eaſter* Terme, or ſo, to buy your wife a new gown.

Criſ. Trouble your ſelfe no more about theſe nice and ſubtle rules of honour, or in getting a fine affected ſtraine of complement; but if you will needs buſie your brain, you may learn the ſtrange dialect of Hawks and Hounds.

Lov. Some fine ſpeeches though, you may keep in Lavender, to excuſe your *Chriſtmas* cheer, or to uſe in diſtributing a Feaſant of your own taking.

Criſ. You need not then be ſo inquiſitive after the modes and faſhions; a fine gaudy ſuit or two to wear on Market dayes, or in the aſſize-week, will be well enough.

Know. In ſtead of roaring night and day in Taverns, or venturing with a company of Cheats, at ſome Ordinary, the price of a Farme, keepe your drinking matches of tubs of Ale, and your bowling dayes, where your Crown rubbers will not do you much prejudice.

Lov. And when you have a mind to play the good husband, a nurſery, or a hop-ground may find you good imployment.

Criſ. You may learne to inoculate, and if any Ladies come to viſit you, a diſh of fruit, with a ſtory how you your ſelf did graft it, may ſerve for all your coſtly treatments here.

Know. Upon a rainy day, or when you have nought elſe to do, you may read Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Lord *Bacons* Natural Hiſtory, the Holy Warre, and *Browns* Vulgar Errors. You may find too ſome ſtories in the Engliſh *Euſebius*, and the Book of Martyrs, to hold diſcourſe with the Parſon on a Sunday dinner.

Lov. Sometimes to your wife you may read a piece of *Shak-ſpeare*, *Suckling*, and *Ben. Johnſon* too, if you can underſtand him.

Know. You may read the *Scout*, and *Weekly Intelligence*, and talk politickly after it. And if you get ſome ſmattering in the Mathematicks, it would not be amiſſe, the Art of dyalling, or to ſet your clock by the quadrant, and Geography enough to meaſure your own land.

Lov. Thus you may employ your ſelf, and do the buſineſſe that you came for into the world, uphold your name and family, make your ſon ſomewhat the better Gentleman, in making his pedigree the longer by one.

La. I

La. I am highly ingaged to you for this advice, and hence forward I shall study to observe it. *Enter Constable, and others with him.*

Con. Is not Mr. *Know-well* here?

Knw. My name is *Know-well*, friend, what would you have with me?

Con. O, is it so? Then pray come along with me.

Know. With you? for what?

Con. Come away, I say, without dispute, for I am a man of Authority.

Know. Cry mercy, for *I* might very well have mistaken you. But I pray, what is the matter?

Con. The matter? as if you did not know. ——

Know. Not I, nor can I guesse.

Con. You do not know I'le warrant, one Mr. —— *Wel bred*, I think they call him.

Lov. Why, I pray, Mr. Constable, what of him?

Know. I have some little acquaintance with him.

Lov. But what of him?

(*Cris.* Why, what doth it concern you, I wonder, that you are so hasty to know?)

Con. Nothing, but that this Gentleman hath kill'd him a little, he is only dead.

Lov. Dead!

Con. I, as a door naile, I'le warrant you by this time; I am sure I left him gasping almost two hours ago.

Lov. Dead!

Con. I, as a Herring, I dare lay my life, by this time.

Cris. How doe you Cozen? are you not wel?

Lov. A kind of a fainting fit that uses to take me sometimes, since I had my Ague in the Country, it will presently over again.

Know. What can be the meaning of this? I have not seene him to day.

Con. Come, come, I am not to dispute that with you. —— You did not send him a challenge neither? did you?

Know. I, a challenge! certainly you are mistaken.

Con. Yes I'le warrant, did not these eyes see it taken out of his pocket? but if I am mistaken, then pray come along with me without more adoe.

Lov. What strange unlucky accident hath hapned, that hath thus blasted all my hopes that did begin to bud, and made that occasion of my endlesse grief, which I had thought had been the way to what I had most desired. *Aside.*

Cris. This is a sad story; wee had best to follow and inquire further into it. —— Stay, Now I think of it, I will go to his lodging; Prethy Mr. *La-gull*, goe bid your man get a Coach. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Caſter.

Caſt. Malitious wit could never have deviſed ſuch a plague. —— Fight I dare not. ——'Slid, but here he comes I think, what ſhall I do? I will walk on, perhaps he may not ſee me.—— *Enter La-gul.*

La. My man is out of the way, who ſhall I get to get a Coach? — But yonder is *Caſter*, certainly he cannot but ſee me, yet he takes no notice of me; perhaps it is the mode not to take notice after a challenge: I will do ſo too. *Exit.*

Caſt. Nay Mr. *La-gull*, good Mr. *La-gull*, I did but. —— 'Slid, I thought hee had been here. ——

What a ſtrange kind of thing is this ſame fear, that doth not only improve reall dangers, but raiſes fantaſtick ones, where there are none at all. *Enter La-gull.*

La. Surely he call'd me.

Caſt. Thou prodigious and unruly monſter, could I but quell thee!

La. He talkes terribly, certainly he doth intend to fight preſently.

Caſt. Look, here he is again, if my fear doe not againe deceive me. I had e'ne beſt to tell him the truth, yeeld up my ſword, and put my ſelf to his mercy, I care not upon what termes.

La. 'Tis ſo —— he drawes. ——Hold.—— But they ſay he has no mercy, —— I had then as good die according to the rule of honour. *He drawes alſo, and begins to fight.*

Caſt. Hold, hold, I yeeld. Murther. Murther. ——

La. Give me your ſword then;

Caſt. Here, here. ——

La. Is it no more to fight then ſo? is this the thing all this while I have been ſo affrighted with? have I ſo eaſily maſter'd ſuch a man? a man ſo valiant as they ſaid he was? whom then need I fear?

Me thinks I could now fight with any body, would any living thing but affront me. *Exeunt ſeveral wayes.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Hadland.

Had. What have I done? For they say he is like to dye. He was too (as I have since heard) a very accomplished man; Nay, certainly I was much deceived in him, for his carriage had much of spirit in it, and a Gentleman.——
Well, little did I think I should ever have been compelled unto these kind of courses; and nothing doth more vex me, then that I am fain to consort my self with such unworthy things, which I should abhor, did not my fortunes, broken by these late Wars, force me to make them the instruments of my subsistance,— One of them though I would be now glad to light on, if I could tell where.— But yonder I think he comes. *Enter Caster.*
Why, how now *Caster*? Where hast thou been? For I have been looking for thee almost all over the Town, I think.

Cast. All over the Town! You might have chanc'd to have look'd beyond *China* and *Japan*, and not have found me.
Well,—— I thank God I am here now, but I was like to have been further then ever *Drake* was, by this time.

Had. Why, Prethee, where?

Cast. Where? Why, in that *Terra incognita*, the other world.

Had. The other world! What wouldst thou have done there? they do not there play at dice: or if they do, old *Nick*, I doubt, would go nigh to be the better Cheat.——
But what was the matter?

Cast. Why, I met with the dreadful blade.——

Had. Whom do you mean?

Cast. Whom should I mean? the terrible Squire *La-gul.*

Had. He has not spoiled all now, I hope.—— *Aside.*
Well, and what then?

Cast. What then! He drew, and came upon me like any lightning, but my discreet and timely submission, together with the coming of some company, did a little assuage his fury.

Had. Did you submit unto him, say you?

Cast. What should I do else?

Had. If I did not think so ——
I could now kick thee, could I but afford to take the pains.——
Thou hast spoiled all that we have been plotting of this fortnight, when we had just brought it to perfection.

Cast.

Caſt. You would have had me (I'll warrant) have been ſuch an Aſs, as to have fought and ventured my life.

Had. Fought! Thou needſt not ſo much as have made a mouth, rowned, or put thy ſelf into a fighting poſture.

Caſt. What ſhould I have done then unto ſuch a ſon of Thunder?

Had. A ſon of Thunder! a more arrant Coward then thy ſelfe, if poſſible.

Caſt. Did not you tell me he was another kind of man?

Had. I did indeed in jeſt to fright you a little, but we this night were to have had Two hundred pounds of him to have made you his friend.

Caſt. Well, this it is, when you will put me on things that are out of my Element; I could have been a Cheat this ſeven years, and have done well enough.

Had. Well, I have a buſineſſe for you to do, which if you will do handſomely, you will redeem my opinion.

Caſt. Is it to fight?

Had. No.

Caſt. Then I'll warrant you. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Welbred, and Criſis, Welbred his arm in a Scarf.

Welb. ——But ſurely you were not alwayes of this mind.

Criſ. I needs muſt ſay, I was not; for it is not long ſince I did look on you, as one with whom rather by the Decree of Heaven, then my own deſires, I was ordained to live as wife. Although (I muſt confeſſe) I never ſaw any thing ſo unpleaſing in you, but that (if ſuch a thing had been) I could have afforded you whatever love and duty you could have expected from one of that relation; yet this is more then I am ſure you could promiſe to your ſelf from any thing I ever ſhewed to you; But the various accidents of this day hath ſo fully repreſented to me a man with whom my ſoul would more agree, that in him I am reſolved to reſt as to theſe kind of thoughts.

Wel.

Wel. Nay, Lady, if you be in earneſt, e'en as you pleaſe; for I would this wound would but admit as eaſie cure as any you have given me. And I cannot tell what out of the height of Courtſhip I may have ſaid, but I believe you do not think I was born to dy of love.

Yet I know not, for the ſtory that you have told me of your Cozen, hath raiſed ſome kind of thoughts in me that I never had before. And if this that ſhe hath done be out of love to me (as it cannot but deſerve, ſo) it muſt needs cauſe in me an anſwerable affection.

Criſ. Well, Sir, the Gentleman is by this time before the Juſtice; it is more then time that I went and enformed them of the truth.——

But I had almoſt forgot: Here is a ring Sir, you gave me to day, which I deſire you would take back.

Wel. Excuſe me, Lady,—— It is not of that value.

Criſ. Believe me, Sir, I will not keep it.

Wel. Well, then I will tel you what you ſhall do; e'en preſent it to your Cozen in my name as an earneſt of my love.—— I hope it will not be long, before I may be in that condition, as to wait upon her my ſelf, for I do feel my ſelf much amended now my wound is ſtopped, my illneſſe only proceeding from ſome loſs of blood.

Criſ. Well, Sir, I wiſh you a ſpeedy recovery.

Wel. Nay, Lady, I may wait upon you to the door. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hadland, Slur, and Caſter.

Had. Come, here they are, what will you do?

Slur. Let's ſee.——

Faith, all our old devices, falſe cubed Dice with Quickſilver, the boxes with ſprings, beſides all the other Arts of the hand, are grown as common as the Juglers box.

Caſt. They are only fitting to cozen Prentices of their Chriſtmaſſe Box-money.

Had. What ſay you to that which I told you of the other day?

Slur. The buſineſs with the Loadſtone?

Caſt. That I believe is not very common, nor is it eaſie to be diſcovered; but you know we are not now provided for that.

Had.

Had. Then you muſt e'en ſee what you can do with your old Tricks.

Slur. Theſe Lads I am afraid will go nigh for to diſcover them.

Had. No I'll warrant you, they are drunk up unto a handſome pin.—— Beſides, let the worſt come to the worſt, I wil be here hard by.—— *Exeunt Slur and Caſter.*

Enter La gul.

Had. Mr. *La gul*! Your ſervant; I am glad to hear of your good ſucceſſe. They ſay, you have gained a great deal of Honour to day.

La. ——Take your Honour for me; I am not now for Honour, but for fighting.
And firſt I will begin with you, as the principal man that has abuſed me.

Had. This is brave, I vow,——
What is the matter with him?——
Is your name *La-gul*?

La. Yes, I am the ſelf ſame man, only I do a little better underſtand my ſelf, what an Aſſe you have made me all this while. And to be ſhort, I here demand of you ſatisfaction, you being the only man that either dares, or is worthy to give it.——
Come draw, for I am reſolved.

Had. As I live, I like your reſolution howſoever.

Enter two Gentlemen beating Slur and Caſter.

Slur. Hadland, Hadland, help, help.

Had. Why how now, Sirs, what is the matter?

1. They are Cheats, arrant Cheats.

2. Cheats,—— Cheats, they have cozen'd us of almoſt 100 *l.* but at the laſt we caught them.

1. Rogues, Cheats, give me my money, or I will beat out your braines.

La. Come let them alone ſince they have made a couple of fools of you, do not you make your ſelvs more by keeping ſuch a doings.——
'Slid they have cozened me of at the leaſt 300 *l.* within this fortnight, and yet you hear me ſay never a word.

1. Fools of us, do you ſay I

La. I, moſt notorious fools and coxcombs; nothing more plain, for thus I will prove it: You came in with money in your purſes, but this money you have loſt, and are like to go away without it, therefore you are fools.

Had. I deny your Minor, for I ſay, they have not loſt it, but have plaid with Cheats, and have been cozen'd of it, therefore they are not fools.

La. 'Tis true, they have plaid with Cheats, and have been cozened, but therefore they are fools.

1. Shal

1. Shall we endure this?

Had. But they did not know them to be Cheats, and therefore they are not fools.

La. 'Tis true, they did not know them to be Cheats; but therefore they are fools.

What say you? are you not Gentlemen?

2. Shall we lose our money and be abused too? you uncivil, rude fellow. *They draw upon La-gul.*

La. Nay, if you be thereabouts, here is an Argument to prove you fools that you have not seen. And this shall make you confesse. *Drawes.*

Had. Nay Gentlemen, two to one is too much, there shall be no unequal doings. *He drawes, they fight, and disarme the two Gentlemen, in the mean while Slur and Caster run away.*

La. This act hath reconciled me to thee; 'twas bravely done, I vow, and like thy selfe; for whatsoever courses you have run of late, I have not long since heard much of your worth and value.

Had. The truth of it is, I have done some things, more for to satisfie my wants, then through my own desires. And I am now grown so weary of this kind of life, that I could wish any other employment, though never so mean, that would but maintain me but as a Gentleman.

La. I'll tell you what, I think I shall now shortly marry, and settle my self in the Country; if you will come and live with me, and bear me company, I will continue what I give you, and more will adde (if you do desire) and whatsoever is past, I will forget, and never think of, except it be over a bottle of Sack when we have a mind to be merry.

Had. Your offer is noble, and if a designe that I have in hand, do chance to fail, may possibly be opportune. However, as it cannot but much engage me, so I shall endeavour to shew how sensible I am of this your Civility. Nor——

La. Hold, for I am now grown quite out of conceit with Com. plements; if you will come, I will assure you, you shall be welcome.——

And as for you, my brace of Asses, now I hope you are not so furious but that one may in sober sadnesse prove you a couple of fooles for venturing of your money upon uncertain chance.

Had. I hope not so.

La. Yes, but I will, and because they shall not take it ill, I will assure you it is no more then what a sober Gentleman proved me for the selfe-same cause not above halfe an hour since.

Had. That (Sir) in my mind, if you be in earneſt, is ſomewhat ſtrange; for although that the chance of dice is certain in it ſelf, and doth (as all other things of chance) depend on ſure and natural cauſes; yet theſe cauſes either being unknown to us, or elſe not in our power, their effects muſt needs to us, before they come to paſs, be alſo unknown; and from this ignorance, if thereby we are concerned, muſt needs ariſe a certain ſtrife and Altercation of hopes and fears, which with no little pleaſure doth affect the ſoul.

Now Sir, all pleaſures by providence being created for our better being, may rationally enough be (if but diſcreetly) uſed.

From hence it followes, that one may not only play at Dice, but alſo venture ſo much upon their chance, whereby theſe paſſions may ariſe.

La. 'Tis true, Sir, if one venture no more; but to venture ſo much, as that the loſſe thereof may make any conſiderable alteration in ones fortune, cannot but be (as he ſaid) the height of folly.

Had. Why ſo, Sir? For have I not as probable and rational hopes for to improve, as to impaire the ſame, Chance in reaſon being ſuppoſed impartial unto none?

La. But, Sir, then ſaid he, ones eſtate and fortune, being the principal thing that makes one to be valued in the world, I cannot certainly more rationally imply the force and vigour of my wit, then about that.

Now (Sir) in a thing that ſo much concernes me, wholly to balk whatſoever benefit my judgment might afford, and put my ſelf into ſuch a way, where the ſtarkeſt fool has as much advantage as I, and more too, if the Proverb be true, muſt needs, in any ſober mans opinion render me a fool.——

Had. Well, Gentlemen, I can no longer help you, but that I ſee there is a neceſſity you will be concluded fools.

La. Well then my couple of fools, adieu, and here alſo I do take my leave of whatſoever folly I have been guilty of.——

Stay, there was a pair of Knaves too, that I ſhould have bid God bu'y; but 'tis no matter, I ſhall ſee them again when I next come to Town;

For as long as *London* City doth endure,
In it a knave, as well as fool, to find you ſhall be ſure.

Had. That (Sir) is no marvel; for fools and knaves are the two main ſprings on which not only that, but all the world doth move; he that would have none of theſe, encounters providence, and would overturne the policy of the world: were all things of one temper, the Univerſe would not ſubſiſt one minute: were all men wiſe, the world would be at a ſtand, whilſt each do prove unmalleable unto others deſignes.

Fooles and Knaves are the two Poles on which the wheels of Fortune turne: 'Tis theſe make Riches, Honour, with a health-

ſu

ful course to ebb and flow through all the world, which else would rot and putrifie in some particular names and families.

La. But I shall be staid for, for I have appointed to meet at a certain place.

Had. Your servant *Exeunt several waies.*

SCENE III.

Enter Justice and Pate

Just. Come my Chuck, now thou art mine, and whatsoever is in this house is thine.

Pat. But when my brother knowes this, he will never endure me for serving him so.

Just. 'Tis no matter, so long as thou hast my love.

Pat. I Sir, if I were assured of that, I would despise all the world besides; but I doubt I have too much cause to fear, that it is my Wealth you have married, and not me.

Just. But you shall have no such cause, I'l warrant you.—— O my dear Honey, I could wish that thou wert worth never a groat, that thou mightst see how *I* love thee.

Enter Goosquil.

Goos. Sir, there is the Constable without, he hath brought a Gentleman.

Just. What? Cannot he let me be quiet on my Wedding-day.

Exit Pate.

Enter Constable, &c. Know-well.

Just. Come Mr. Constable, what is the matter?

Con. Why, Sir, an't please your Worship, I have reprehended a man upon suspicion of murder.

Just. Of murther! God forbid man, I hope not so.

Con. Look you (Sir) I do but charge him of suspicion of murther, I do not lay flat murther to his hands:—I'll warrant you I know what I do.

Just. Well, but how stands the case? What witnesse have you of it?

1. If it please your Honourable Worship, that which I have to say against this Gentleman under correction, in brevity is only this.

2. Nay, an't like your Worship, I saw the first beginning, therefore, I hope you will give me leave to speak first.

Juſt. Come on then friend, you look like an honeſt fellow; what are you?

2. An't like your Worſhip, I am by Trade a Black-Smith. I was a Prentice in Fetter-lane, and have beene a man for my ſelf ever ſince the laſt great Sickneſſe, which is ſome thirty years agoe, I think, for I am ſure our *Ned* was born the year after, and hee is nine and twenty now this next long Vacation.

Juſt. Well, but what can you ſay to the buſineſſe?

2. Why, an't like your Worſhip, I this Afternoon, after I had bid my wife lay down the ſhoulder of Mutton, that (an't like your Worſhip) *I* bought in the morning, *I* went out into the fields (an't like your Worſhip) to take a turne or two to get me a ſtomack.——

But *I* had almoſt forgot one main thing, for as *I* was going, *I* met with an old companion of mine, one *Will. Freeman* by name.—— An't like your Worſhip, *I* tell you no lye, for as they ſay, Tell the truth and ſhame the Divel.

Juſt. Well, but what then, friend?

2. Why, An't like your Worſhip, honeſt *Will* ſaid *I*, 'it was a merry old world when you and *I* were Prentices together in Fetter-lane. And upon that, (an't like your Worſhip) he would needs have me go ſpend my two pence with him.

Juſt. Well, but come to the point, what do you know concerning this Gentleman?

2. Nay, by your Worſhips favour, *I* am bound to ſpeak the truth, and the whole truth.—— But ſtay, where was *I*?

1. Your friend and you were a going to drink, you ſaid.

2. O *I*, and then (an't like your Worſhip) we went to the Cat and Fiddle, and when we had drunk our flaggons a piece, and we were juſt a coming away, in came a neighbour of mine,—ſtay,—*I* ſhal hit on his name preſently.

Juſt. Well, 'tis no matter for his name,—but what of him?

2. An't like your Worſhip, he would needs make us ſtay the drinking of his flaggon too; and by that time that was done, an't like your Worſhip, *I* began to think the ſhoulder of Mutton might be over-roaſted, and therefore *I* made as much haſte home as *I* could; and as *I* was coming along by the wall, imagining no hurt, nor thinking of no harm, O *I* ſaw the ſaddeſt and lamentable ſight.——

Juſt. What was that?

2. *I* never ſaw ſo much all the dayes of my life.

Juſt. But what was it?

2. And *I* hope *I* ſhall never ſee the like again.

Juſt. Nay, what was it?

2. Why, An't like your Worſhip, *I* ſaw a proper, goodly young Gentleman, as one ſhall ſee in a year and a day, lye in the moſt yearnful condition

condition, all in gore bloud, that it would have grieved any heart to have seen the like; and then this same young man came. ——

Just. And what can you say friend? I think I have seen you somewhere; is not Mr. *Du-cape* the Mercer your Master?

1. If it please your honourable worship, I am resident with Mr. *Du-cape* upon the account of a Journeyman.

Just. Cry mercy, but what say you?

1. Why, if it please your honourable worship, as I was going a long upon a very civil account, to carry a piece of Satin to a person of Honour, in the *Peazza*, in *Lincolnes* Inne fields, just under the wall, I chanc't to cast my eyes and view the aforesaid Gent. whose name is Mr. *Well-bred*, in the self same condition as this man has before specified and declared, and I upon that account deeming him to be dead, did debate with my selfe upon what account the said Man-slaughter should happen; but I approaching neerer, did descry him to be one that had been a customer to my Master, and I upon that account knowing his lodging, did desire this same man that upon that account he would be instrumentall in conveying him thither. And when upon that account we began to stirre him, his wound upon that account began to bleed with a most extreme violence, in so much that I seeing his handkerchiefe, hang out of his pocket, did upon that account judge it requisite to pull it out, to helpe stop his wound; and pulling it out, I chanced upon that account to pull out a letter, which this man desiring me to read ——

2. You may see that some are wiser then some.

1. —— Upon that account I read it, and finding it to bee a challenge, upon that account did I estimate this Gentleman to have fought a duel.

Just. Where is the letter?

1. Here, if it please your honourable Worship.

Just. Read it *Goos-quill.*

Goos-quill reades. —— *Sir, I cannot but as I am a Gentleman take notice of the affront you put on mee, in pretending to Mistris* Crisis, *to whom none living doth owe more service then my selfe; wherefore I desire that you would hence-forward desist, or else meet mee at the back side of* Islington, *with your friend and a Rapier, where I shall in the same manner attend you, about five of the clock. In the mean while, I rest,*

Your humble Servant

Thomas Know-well.

Just. will these bloody and inhumane duells never be left off? shall wee never but be thus barbarous one to another? as

if

if we were not men, but Butchers, Turks or Tartars.
What ſay you Sir, are not you the man that kill'd him? do you not know that blood requires blood?

Know. Surely Sir there is ſome great miſtake, for my part I have not ſeen the Gentleman this day.

Juſt. It will be well if that will ſerve your turn; I think the matter cannot be more cleere; Come *Gooſ-quill* make a *Mittimus* preſently.

Know. Sir, If you pleaſe, *I* ſhall produce ſome, in whoſe company I have been all this afternoone. *Enter Criſis.*

Criſ. Hold, hold, I beſeech you Sir, let him ſtay a little.

Juſt. Mrs. *Criſis*! how doth your father, my very good neighbour?

Criſ. Very well Sir, he will be here ſhortly.

Juſt. But what is the matter, can you ſay any thing in this buſineſſe?

Criſ. Sir, only this, the Gentleman that Mr. *Know-well* here is ſupſed to have killed, is not dead.

Juſt. How! not dead?

Criſ. No Sir, He was only through much loſs of blood, fainted away for a time; but now Sir, he is very well again, neither did hee give him the wound that he has, but he ſaith he had it in a quarrell that hapned between him, and ſome that he met in the fields.

Juſt. That is ſtrange.

Criſ. Sir, If you will have but a little patience, there will be ſome here immediately that will cleer all things to you.

Juſt. Well then, ſtay a little.

People, 1. What, muſt he not be hanged then?

2. I'le warrant that Gentlewoman has beg'd him.

1. Shee muſt be a pure virgin if ſhee have.

3. They ſay he has bought his life for a thouſand pounds, and then he to have a leaſe of it for fourſcore years.

1. There is a fine device indeed; this it is to be a Gentleman, I'le warrant one of us ſhould have been hanged without more adoe.

Con. Bear back there. —

Criſ. But Mr. *Quorum*, I hear you have ſtoln a wedding to day.

Juſt. Such things will be ſometimes; Shee was a fortune meerly caſt upon me.

Criſ. But ſhall not I have the happineſſe to ſee your Bride in the mean time?

Juſt. Yes that you ſhall.
Gooſ-quill, go and deſire your Miſtris to come in.

Exit Gooſ-quill, and Enters preſently with her and Had.

Had. Speak but one word, you rogue, and I will cut your throat.

Know-well and Criſis ſalute her.

1. *Witneſſe.* Surely I ſhould know her.

I, that

I, that is she without doubt. *Looks on her.*

Pate Nay, 'Tis I.

Just. Do you know my wife?

1. I have a little reason, for I am sure she ows my Master almost [redacted] pound.

Just. 50 pound! that is nothing; —— but I hope thou dost not owe many such debts, Chuck.

Pate. Why, what if I do?

Just. Nay, nothing, but I hope not so. ——

Pate. What, am I examined already?

Just. Be not angry Love, —— for I know thou hast wherewithall to pay them.

Pate. Have I so? Were I disposed, how could I laugh to see how thou art cozend!

Just. Ha! Cozend!

Pate. I cozen'd, thou old doting fool: could you ever imagine any thing else?

Know. Hey da!

Just. Nay, but Honey, what do you mean? you are not in earnest, are you?

Pate. In earnest? Do you think I am not? could you ever be so mad, as to think that I in my heat and strength of yeers could ever dote on thy dull frosty carcasse?

Just. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Pate. Do you think that I would mix my blood with thy cold flegmatick, goury humours, had it not been to raise my sinking fortune, and to keep me from those extremities of poverty, that did daily threaten me?

Just. Oh I am undone, I am undone, undone.

Pate. And yet had my condition beene ten times worse, were I to be ty'd only to thy bed, I should repent the change.

Know. A brave Girle I vow.

Pate. For I already do begin to feel those warme desires that thou this many a year never hast been able to satisfie.

Cris. Come, Master *Know-well*, let us goe into the next roome, she will make me blush else. —— *Know. and Cris. Exeunt.*

As they are a going.

Pate. What, are you going Sir, I hope now you know the house, I shall see you here sometimes, our yeers indeed would somewhat suit, and what ever we should chance to do, here is one must father all.

Cris. O impudence!

Just. O patience, patience, patience, I shall run mad else, mad, mad, mad.

Had. Now Sir, my revenge is perfect; do you not know mee? *Puts off his Perriwig.*

Just. Mr. *Had-land*!

Had.

Had. I, Do you not remember how ſome ſeven years ago you took the forfeiture of my Lands that were mortgaged to you, and ever ſince have unjuſtly kept me from them?

Juſt. O, I do remember, and confeſs this is a judgment, a Judgment.

Had. I'le warrant her ſhe is a judgment worſe then either famine, ſword or the peſtilence, or I am deceived. *Enter Slur.*

Slur. You have wrong'd me, for I ſay mine was the firſt turn.

Pate. Peace.

Slur. Peace, you whore! I will not hold my peace.

Pate. What, ſhall I be called whore in mine own houſe? out you rogue. Mr. Conſtable, I charge you to turn him out.

Slur. Hee turn me out! —— ſtir but one inch you rogue, and you ſtir your laſt. *Draws.*

And now I ſay, you are a whore, and a moſt damn'd whore.

And Sir, nothing ſo much grieves me, as that *I* have been the cauſe of helping you to this ſame ſtrumpet.

Juſt. O Sir, what is ſhee? what is ſhee? let me know the worſt, for *I* am prepared.

Slur. That which I know of her, Sir, is this; *I* was firſt acquainted with her in the army, where I will aſſure you ſhe was accounted a very neceſſary piece of ammunition, in ſome five nights, I think, ſhee would ſerve all our troop; ſince (Sir) ſhee has liv'd about the towne, no ſmall ſinner, ſhee has been as common as a Hackny Coach, and much about the ſame price, two ſhillings the firſt hour, and one ſhilling an hour after, as long as you will: ſhee is as proſtituted as ſome modern Workes, only they are ſpread upon the ſtalls in the day, and ſhee in the night.

Hold her. ——

And Sir, if the knowledg of men be the chiefeſt wiſdome, believe ſhe is not unwiſe, for in them ſhe is not a little experienced; ſhee will tell you (I believe) the difference betwixt the melancholy, and the ſanguine, the fair, or the black haired youth: ſhee could perhaps from her own knowledg, mend the obſervations of *Culpepper*, or *Ariſtotles* problems, tell who doth afford moſt pleaſure; the hot *Italian*, or the tough *Germain*, the nimble *French-man*, or the grave *Spaniard*.

Pate. Why, you villain you, if through the frailty of my youth I have committed any of theſe kind of things, muſt every rogue tell me of it?

Slur. On I go for all this — And Sir, about a yeer ago in this ſervice, ſhee got a certain miſchance, that you may gueſſe, inſomuch, that what with her expences to the Surgeon and Apothecaries, together with the intermitting of her trade, ſhee was reduced to much poverty, and had incurred many debts.

Juſt. Debts!

Sl. I, debts of all ſorts, from her Mercer to her Milk-maid, all which have been ſome while forborne through the expectation of your paying them.

Juſt.

Just. Oh, oh, oh, what shall I do? here *Goos-quill*, take my knife, I don't know what I may do else.

Sl. Believe me (Sir) you will have a very charitable imployment of it, you will pay many a pound that for a long while hath beene accounted desperate; but for you (Sir) many a poor man might have beene undone.

Pate. This (Sir) wil be almost as good as founding Colledges, or building Churches.

Had. And although you build no Hospitals, yet she may chance to find you imployment for Surgeons.

Pate. You may in time to come, repair and make bridges for your nose.

Just. O thou damn'd perfidious whore.

Sl. O Sir, she is perfidious indeed, if you know how shee has served mee.

Just. O How, how, how? let me hear, it will be some comfort to me to know any body else that has been cozend by her besides my self.

Sl. Why (Sir) this Gentleman and I, (although for my part I must confesse, I do repent of what I have done) did much assist her in the accomplishing of this her design on you, for which in gratitude to us, and also in respect of your years, shee did agree, that we two should have a certaine kind of imployment (Sir) an ancient Roman office called *Adjutores thori, conjunctim & divisim*, to execute *per vices*, or by turnes; And (Sir) by the bargain I was to have the first turn; but shee (Sir) not minding the premises, fraudulently and maliciously, against all equity, justice, and good conscience, and against the true intent and meaning of the parties, hath let this Gentleman ——

Goos. I that she has, I'me sure; when you sent me for her, I caught them both upon the bed.

Just. Oh, oh, I shall never be able to endure: O give me my knife again, O give me it, I say.

Sl. You had best, and be accessary to his death.

Just. Well, I am resolved on it; I know what I will do. *Exit.*

Sl. Come, let us follow him, he may doe himselfe some mischiefe else. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pate, Slur, Had-land.

Pate. Which way went hee?

Had. I cannot tell.

Slur. Up staires, I thinke.

Pate. Go after him, for Gods sake, and see whether you can find him. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Juſtice.

Juſt. O, did ever I think to live to ſee this day? was ever man ſo cozend by a company of rogues? when my expectation was ſtretched up ſo high, and when my mind ran on nothing but thouſands, to find her not only worth nothing, and in debt, but one that in an inſtant will conſume what ever I with ſo much care have toiled for all my life!
O it is intolerable, intolerable: and beſides a whore, I, a common, impudent profeſſed whore; O torment upon torment!
Although her hot laſcivious blood did never ſo much deſire man, yet had ſhee but the uſual art and ſlights of her ſex, could ſhe but diſſemble a baſhfull modeſty, with a hundred cunning wiles make her ſelfe wooed for what ſhee moſt deſired, this were ſomewhat, this were but like woman; but ſuch a rampant gaping whore, I ſhall never endure it.
O I ſhall be a very ſcorn unto the world. I ſhall be laughed and pointed at; —— every day will but afford new torments and vexations. —— Well, there is a way to prevent all this —— and I am reſolved on it —— *Puts off his Garters, and goeth to hang himſelfe.*

Enter Hadland.

Had. Lord Sir, what do you meane to doe?

Juſt. O Villain, O Rogue, what are you here? —— And what new matter have you to vex me with? —— well, I defie thee, doe thy worſt.

Had. Sir, You do much miſtake me, for I am ſo farre from doing any thing that ſhould increaſe your trouble, that I am extreme ſorry for what I have done already.

Juſt. O, are you ſo, are you ſo? And what am I the better for that? —— O what would I give that this day could but be recalled againe! ——

Had. Why, (Sir) what would you give, ſuppoſe I ſhould tell you a way that you might be rid of this ſame woman?

Juſt. I can tell away my ſelfe, this would do it, I, I, this would do it preſently.

Had. —— Nay, but Sir, to be ſerious with you, I ſay, I, and only I, could free you from all troubles that this your late marriage is like to bring you into.

Juſt. O do not diſturb my mind with theſe vain thoughts.

Had. Believe me (Sir) they are not vain, for (Sir) if you will but do one thing, upon the word of a Gentleman, I will tell you that which ſhall reſtore you unto the ſame condition that you were in before you ever ſaw this woman.

Juſt.

Just. What is that? what is that? tell me, tell me quickly, I would do any thing upon that condition.

Had. To be short (Sir) I onely desire to seale this same piece of parchment, which is a deed of whatsoever Lands you have of mine, and then you shall see what I wil doe.

Just. But (Sir) you have once already deceived mee, how shall I be sure that you will not deceive mee againe?

Had. Sir, Within there are divers Gentlemen, amongst whom is your ancient friend Mr. *Crisis*, he shall be judge betwixt us, and I am contented that he shall keep the deed upon condition to deliver it back to you again, if I do not perform what I promise.

Just. Well, I am contented. Go call them in. *Exit Had.* Ha! what said he! free me from this same queane! —— No, 'tis impossible: —— yet I cannot tell what may be. Well, if hee doe, I will not only give him his own land, but somewhat else, hee shall see, I will do for him. Hee has been indeed somewhat wilde, but now I believe he would know how to value an estate if he had it.

Enter Old Mr. Crisis, and Know-wel, and Mrs. Crisis, Wel-bred and La-gull, Love-wit, and Bud, Pate, Slur, Caster, and Had-land.

Had. Sir, I have told you upon what termes he is to do it.

Cris. I, I, I remember.

Had. Well Sir, wil you please to seale?——

Just. Lets see, lets see.—— *He seales the Writing.*

Had. Well Sir, what is it that now you would have me do?

Just. That which you promised; that I may be free from this same whore.

Had. Is that all?

Cast. That is more then you can do, I doubt.

Had. My deer rogue, Come hither. *Puts off her vaile, and imbraceth her.*

Cris. Mrs *Pate*!

Lov. Ha! is it shee!

Pate. The very same.

Had. I'le warrant you (Sir) from being troubled with her, for this morning shee was married to me. I am Sir, a little before you, and must be first served; and your marriage, as the Learned do observe, shee being my wife, was *ipso facto* void.

Just. I, but stay, stay, stay, —— do you think I will bee made such a fool of?—— this is a meer cheat, and nothing but a cheat.

Old Cris. But how can this be, —— if shee be twice married, this by the law is felony, and shee must be hanged.

Just. 'Tis true, 'tis true, I am glad you have put me in mind of it, and I will have her hanged; that I will; I thinke I shall be revenged on you now; Ha, ha, I thinke I shall bee even

with you. Mr. Conſtable, I charge you for to ſeize upon her.

Caſt. Hold, hold.

Juſt. Why?

Caſt. This is my reaſon; *Diſcovers himſelf.*
Was not I the man that married you?

Had. Nay, Sir, it is a plaine caſe, yours was cleerly no marriage.

Juſt. Nay, then I ſee I am cozen'd.

Had. You are indeed, Sir, I hope, for we have taken a great deal of paines in vaine elſe; I am ſure we have been plotting this ſame buſineſs any time this month.

Juſt. Well, I do yeeld my ſelfe cozened, and am glad it is no worſe ——
And now Mr. *Had-land*, I ſee you have wit to get an Eſtate, I hope you will have wit to keep it. You are one, I muſt confeſſe, of whoſe good parts I have heard divers times, and you ſhall ſhortly find, you have no more then I can well afford you.

Know. And now, Sir, here the Gentleman hath made a ſhift to come hither in a Coach, that I was ſuppoſed to have killed.

Wel. And here I do acquit him.——
I muſt confeſſe, I had a challenge from him; but going for to meet him, I met with ſome other Gentlemen, betweene whom and my ſelfe there chanced a certaine quarrel, in which I got the wound.

Know. I challenged you! Certainly.——

Lov. Sir, do not wonder any longer, for I will reſolve the doubt.——
This Gentleman was this afternoon to go to a certaine place, whither, if he had gone, I had beene for ever loſt; wherefore I upon the ſudden, not thinking of a better way, ſent him that Challenge in your name, only thereby to hinder his going,— for which, Sir, I beg your pardon.

Criſ. Which I durſt warrant, if it be but for my ſake, you ſhall obtain.

Know. Madam, you are ſo far from wanting pardon for what you have done, that to you I owe whatſoever happineſſe I do expect in this ſame Lady.

Lov. If, Sir, you owe any thing to me, I ſhall look for ſatisfaction only in this ſame Gentleman, for whoſe ſake I did what I did.

Wel. I ſhall be, Lady, ſo far from quitting others ſcores, that what I owe you on mine own account, while I live, I ſhall never clear.

Pat. Well, Mr. *Had-land*, I cannot but bluſh when I think what

what a part you have made me act to day.

Had. Thou hast done that this day (my Dear) that will eternally oblige me.

Slur. Madam, I hope you will pardon what I said to day, knowing to what end it was spoken; for there is not that Lady in the world of whom I have more honourable thoughts, then I have of you.

Pat. I am sure I never gave you cause to have other.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Just. How now Sirs? What would you have?

1. Sir, we come to demand your assistance against a couple of knaves that are here, that this afternoon have cheated us of almost a hundred pounds.

Just. Which be they?

2. Here is one.——

1. And this is the other.

Just. Have they cheated you, say you?

1. Yes that they have.

Just. What say you, Gentlemen?

Slur. Your Worship (I hope) by experience knowes, that such a thing may not be altogether impossible.

Just. Well, Gentlemen, will you refer the businesse to me, upon that condition, that I do please you all?

1. I, Sir, upon that condition; but we shall not be pleased without our money.

Just. Why, then I order you to give them their money.

Slur. But then we shall not be pleased.

Just. Yes, but you shall: for now I am resolved upon a design, which I hope will be as good as building Hospitals.

Gentlemen, by the carriage of this businesse, I see you have more in you then ever I did take you for to have. And although you have been wild in your time, yet now I believe you would know how to value an estate.

First therefore, as for you Mr. *Had-land*, what you have gotten by this device from me, I freely will let you enjoy.

And for these Gentlemen, I will give them that which shall maintaine them like themselves without these shifts.

To be short, Gentlemen, I have an Estate and never a child, and if you henceforward do nothing that may displease me more then this your dayes work hath done, I shall not be wanting in any thing that you may expect from a father. What, doth this please you?

Slur. Beyond our expectation.

Cast. We, Sir, shall never be able to deserve this.

Just. Come, come, you have deserved it already.

Cast.

Caſt. What ſtrange accidents have hapned this day!

Enter Gooſquil, and Whiſpers to the Juſtice.

Juſt. O I, 'tis true, *I* did not think of it.
Mr. *Hadland*, there is a Supper ready within, which *I* did cauſe to be provided as for my Wedding Supper; but ſince you have got my Bride, you muſt e'en take the Supper too.
Gentlemen, will you pleaſe to walk?

Old Criſ. Then here we do begin the round; to morrow my daughter and this Gentleman ſay, you muſt be at my houſe.

Wel. The next day after *I* do invite you.

La. And *I* the next day after that.

Juſt. March then in, and as you your Weddings make,
In the ſame order now your places take. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 29. lin. *ult.* add, *I am reſolved.* p. 29. l. 20. dele [!], after the word, *Fight.* p. 41. *for* Act III, *read* Act IV. p. 45. l. 4. after *themſelves*, add, *with.* p. 64. l. 29. after *believe*, add, *me.*